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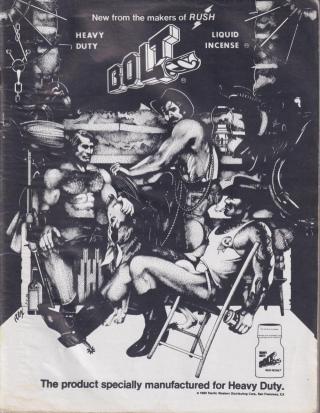


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companies, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away.



AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE

OLUME 5

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MADNESS TAKES ITS TOLL Once a year in New Orleans, thousands of men get their fantasies together for the ultimate act of public

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of the action

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for an evening, a week, or

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meet his counterpart.

THE MINESHAFT
ANNIVERSARY
As can be expected it was

BOOKS

FILMS
Racing Bull: Robert DiNero.

and hard times.

CONRAP

OI LEATHER NOTEBOOK

4 IN PASSING

Contents Photo by Yank

DECEMBER

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF POPULAR GAY CULTURE

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GETTING OFF

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1984: THE COUNTDOWN BEGINS

While we pass into the second decade since the contemporary say! liberation movement began, we can indeed look back at a number of watermarks in our advancement as a class and a minority. But on the horizon, perhaps even closer than the horizon, looms the real threat of retreat and the possibility of unwarranted repression for most of the gay community in America.

We have recently seen our greatest enemy, the religious fundamentalists, nie to the properties of the

The ascension to power by this new ruling class is all but complete. In two years time the christian movement plans to sweep out of political office the last vestages of liberalism. But even before them we will have fet the blow of their terrible swift sword. Beyond politically, and the plant of the pla



civil liberties.

The restriction of the restriction of the new performance of the restriction of the restri

It isn't enough to convince ourselves into thinking that the new power brokers are a temporary kingdom that could vanish overnight; the trend of the majority of the country after the cultural explo-sions of the 1960's has been toward a new conservativism, and the fundamentalists have been waiting in the wings for decades to impliment their holy crusade against all that challenges or disrupts the 'natural order of things'. Never mind that the latter is a subjective process open to various interpretations; we are talking about a well-organized coalition of church and business the likes of which haven't been seen since the great Dutch colonizations, or, going a bit further back, the Crusades,

The impact of even four years of an ultra-right-wing policy can set the gay rights movement back two hundred years. Long after the bible-bangers are gone there will be the laws and regulations, the judges, the policies etched in acid on the face of American life. It took almost 30 years just to wipe the taint of the McCarthy State Department purge off our image. This time the pendulum

threatens to swing right off its axis. What to do, what to do, Part of the problem we face today is that we have never done enough for our own good. We greeted each local law-change as a major political victory, while the new right collected another million signatures and another million signatures and another million signatures that the state of the signal signal was a signal with the signal signal was a signal signal with the signal signal that the signal signal was signal signa

We treated the defeat of the Briggs Initiative as proof that justice would always prevail, and the new right bought another communications statilite and six new television stations. We cheered being granted a morning conversation with a White House aide as a significant concession and the new right bought six radio stations, four hospitals, and gathered another million names.

Then we divided ourselves over which

candidate we would grant our endorsement (and many of us never learned the lesson of the McGovernnowin election) and the new right began calling in those pickess, and brox stations and contacting in the station of th

campaign brochures, a country with literally thousands of a country with literally thousands of the country was a country to the country with a country was a a countr

What did we do, what have we done? And how serious is the threat? It's this

The new christian right supports racism and class distinction, it supports the right to own hand guns (all the while claiming a constitutionality that does not exist.) It supports tax exemption for the church without following the separation of church and state doctrines that are clearly in the constitution. The new christian right is opposed to equal rights for racial and cultural minorities. It wishes and has publicly announced its intention to violate the rights of privacy in one's home, the rights to lawful public assembly - and would deny the democratic participation of all citizens in matters of national policy.

The new christian right movement is, in few words, white ruling class elitism.

Sound a bit frenzied, a bit out of

Sound a bit frenzied, a bit out of sync? Sound more like the scenario for 1984 than 1981?
We can, individually and collectively.

We can, individually and conference of continue to ignore the very vocal intentions. We can turn deaf ears, to every arrocity, close blind eves to the deteriation of our civil rights; to the violence
against us; to the lack of legal redress for as long as we are able. But that
won't change it, not even after the new
christian for the control of the control of the
work of the control of the
What we can do about it is this:

We can start over, because we are, in 1981, a tground zero. And we can start on a small scale, among an intimate circle of friends — learning that there are no differences between the leatherman and the clone that matter when both are threatened by the same enemy, there are no differences between gay men and gay women that matter when both face anhillation.

We can come to the quick realization that it is only through our mutual support, given completely and without question, that we have any strength. We have seen isolated incidents that have brought us together in moments of stress: Bryant, Briggs, the murder of two go of Harvey Milk, are murder of two go of Harvey Milk, and the strength of the stren

We can take a basic fundamental truth about community — that it only exists when united — and use that truth as the foundation for our continued existence. Otherwise, we are already lost.



6th & HARRISON



DRUMMER 6

MALECALL/Dear Sir:

CHEERS AND GRIPES

Protest: Why no 'Tough Customers' in Issue 40??!!
Cheers: You dropped "gay" on the cover of Issue 40! I wrote you a letter

cover of Issue 40! I wrote you a letter protesting that silly, effeminate name for us a year or two ago — it took all this

tome:

The property of the pro

Shavertown, PA
(Editor's Note: There was no Tough
Customers' page in Issue 40 because none
of our customers was tough enough that
month to send us his photo! We can't
print 'em if you don't send 'em in. By
the way, have you sent us a photo for

MORE ON ISSUE 40

I am a slave and I like your magazine, but I can't speak for everyone. Sir, I must respectfully criticize your Issue 40, I'm as a slave, I came into your ordiorial office and complained, you would produce and complained, you would produce and complained, you would produce the strip naked and give me ten lashes across my bare back; and I would understand your reaction—a criticism from an imputent slave to some Masters of mputent slave to some Masters of with Issue 40. I here is my experience

Never have I received such a whipping from my Master, who is black, Sir, as I did last Friday night. I got in from work at about 9:30 and Master Rick and the state of the state of the state of the moved quickly to the most of the moved quickly to the most of the that it meant a whipping for me because that is the only time I am to go to the garage where Master Rick keeps his moved of the meant of the state of the work of the meant of the morning and the state of the was baffled at the moment.

In the garage, Master Rick yelled "Strip!" i jumped to it so as to keep heim from getting angrier, "Stretch your bare ass across the motorycles!" he ordered, and I did. He handcuffed me and put on leg shackles, then went to the wall, chose a wide leather strap and brought it over to where I lav helles?

"Slave, you like DRUMMER Magazine?" he asked. "Yes, Sir," I replied. "I hate it!" Master Rick responded.

He told met the in base-dictions were as a full pages of photographs but all were of WHITE men; he had counted no black as a full pages of photographs but all were of WHITE men; he had counted no black that black men tend this magazine and do want and pay for ads in "Drumbeats" when were also a full page of the properties of the properties, but against them as to their preferences, but against them as to their preferences, but against them as to their preferences, but against the black with no single "token" of a black in the male society presented in base 40, "Why?" Master yelled. "How wanted some black image given to readers wanted some black image given to readers.

race. I couldn't help his grustration, Sir.
Sir, does DRUMMER also serve the
black gay community? Can one out of
ten black males be also gay. My bare ass
is a symbol of a color issue — it is red
because you have not seriously con-

sidered the black readers of DRUMMER.

My Master is not an extremist; his fierce whipping of me was a symbol of a problem of acceptance.

ON THE OTHER HAND . . .

My Master has commanded me to write this letter to you, Sir, to congatulate you on Issue 40 of DRUMMER. Both my Master and I are very impressed with the "Erotic Portfolios" — my Master is also a photographer, Sir, and he commends you on recognizing and highlighting the talents of the photo-artists presented. We also both enjoyed the fantastic stories in that issue.

We applaud you, Sir, for showcasing the talents of important leather photoartists and for maintaining the kind of wonderful raunch we expect from DRUMMER. Issue 40 is one of few magazines ever to acknowledge that leathermen have brains as well as cocks, and we thank you for the compliment.

Slave bill, New Orleans, LA (Editor's Note: Because of our infinite contact with the later of our infinite contact with the later of our infinite contact with the later of t





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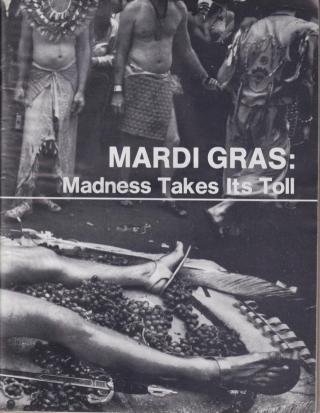






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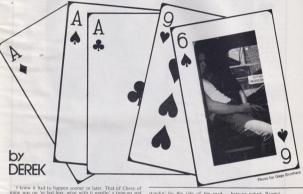


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STUD POKER





mine was on 'er last legs, what with it needin' a tune-up and all, and the damm muffler nearly draggin' its prick on the pavement. She sounded like a World War II bomber when I drove off to my borther's house that Sunday morning, and that right there should have told me that I was in for trouble. But I didn't pay no mind. She sounded like that a lot lately.

So I had no one to blame but myself when I found me and that old clunders tandfurt there on the side of the highway she a heap of steamin' metal and me with my thumb studen when the standard the standard that the student of the student was already way past noon time. The Wooming sun best down on the back of my need, and the dry wind from the plains burnt my face a significate back long that shiverin' stetch part of the standard standard that the standard standard car's antenna, just to let folk know that I was in trouble, And then I stood there in my fadd dungeres and work boots, cursin' at the whole goddman world and waltin' for a ride.

with Mom and Dad and a load of bratty kids from someplace back east. I guess they never heard that out in these parts you're supposed to help a feller out when he's in trouble. Dann city dudes! Don't know their mouth from their asshole! I'm gettin' real hot and tired out there. The sweat is run-

I'm gettin' real hot and tired out there. The sweat is running down my back and chest like I've been standin' in the rain. Only there ain't no ain. Not even a cloud for rain to hide they do not be the standard of the standard that the they'd picked up down the road at this thin about that kid they'd picked up down the road at this thin about that will paper, He'd been hitch-hikin' near here, too, and he must have got picked up by some crazy dude 'cause they found him got picked up by some crazy dude 'cause they found him standin' by the side of the road — bare-ass naked, flaggin' down a cop car. Now, you just don't do that unless some-thin's wrong, 'Know? Anyway, they never did get a story out of him. Whatever happened, either he didn't want to tell or he was too ashamed to. I get a stiffer in my jeans just thinkin' about it. Sure wish I had happened along that road before them cops!

I'm just about to give up hope when I spot this pick-up truck barrelin' down my way. He's comin' like a bat outta hell, but I ain't gonna let another cocksucker go by without pickin' me up. So I dann near stand in the middle of the road and wave my arms as he drives up. I know I must've looked like a crazy man out there, but I was gettin' desper-

The pick-up slows to a stop. It's a beat up ol' job with a couple loads of hay piled in the back, But I don't care, Hell — a ride is a ride. I scoot around to the driver's side and stick my head up by the window.

"Well, now. What seems to be the trouble, boy?" says the

I peer into the cab and see this big stud cowboy with a well-worn straw hat and sunglasses starin' back at me. His chest is bare as far as I can see, and sweat drips in little beads down his forehead. His hands, covered by dirty leather work

gloves, are restin' on the wheel. Soggy blond curls peek from under the brim of his hat. He grins. "My car's broke down," I say. "Can ya give me a lift?" "Sure. Glad to oblige."

I'm beginnin' to think my luck is changin', y'know? I can't tell what his eyes are doing behind them dark glasses, but he



Photo by Target

just stares at me a few seconds, then lerks his head for me to hon inside. I run around to the other side and jump aboard. It feels good to get out of the sun, and for the first time I forget

all about my stupid car. I'm much more interested in my The cowboy throws that old clunker into gear and takes off. I let the cool breeze from the window dry the sweat on my face and try not to look at the dude sittin' beside me.

Don't want to be too obvious, y'know? 'Where you headed?" he asks

"I'm goin' down to Brownsville." "Brownsville? Hell, boy, that's a four hour drive from

"I know," I say. "But you don't have to take me that far. Just get me to a gas station, and I can have my brother come to pick me un

The cowboy don't say nothin'. I look over at him real easy-like, just to get a good look. Yep, he's stripped to the waist, wearin' fust a pair of worn-out levis and some beatup work chaps. His boots were beat up, too - and real pointy. He's built real lean and hard, like a man who does hard work but don't mind. This is a real cowboy, I think to myself. Not one of them city dudes dressed up for a night out. Shit! He even smells like hay! He turns and grins at me again.

"You ain't going to find no gas station open today, pal. Not out here, anyway. They've all closed till tomorrow."
"Damn!" I cuss. "You're right. I forgot. Well, it's probably

a good thing my car broke down anyway. I would of never made it all the way without a fill up anyhow,

We ride along without talking for a few miles. I can see that cowboy lookin' over at me from time to time. And damn it was beginnin' to turn me on. Why doesn't he say some-

What's your name, boy," he asks suddenly.

"Mine's Bill. Tell you what, Harley. You live around 'Well, sort of. I've been stayin' at my uncle's place back down the road, but I want to get down to my brother's place this weekend. He says he's got a mechanic job for me

in his garage.

"How old are you?"
"Twenty," I say. "Why?" "Just wondering. I've got some beer back there behind the seat if you want one. Wanted to make sure I wasn't molesting a minor or nothing!" He laughs, "Help yourself, And get me one while you're at it. I'm drier than a witch's tit,"

I get up on my knees and reach behind the seat. There's two cans of Coors, slightly warm, but the way my mouth tastes I couldn't care less. I open both with a whoosh that soaks my chest in beer suds. I hand a can to Bill and wipe

'Don't bother," he says. "Looks good," I was really gettin' stiff now, y'know? I mean,

what does this guy want me to do? Take it out and start beatin' it right in front of him? He downs half that can of beer and wipes his mouth with the back of his work glove

"Now, like I was saying, Harley, since you're not going too far today, why don't you spend the night at my place. Then tomorrow, I can drive you into town and you can call your brother."

I drink some of my beer, too. "You live around here?" "Yep, not too far. Me and my buddy have a little ranch over in those hills over there. Nothing much, but cozy. You're welcome to stay if you want."

He looks at me and this time I can tell that his eyes are runnin' all down my body - from my face to the tips of my work shoes. There's a big bulge in the open space between his chaps which wasn't there before. I pretend to think it

"Hey," he says, "You look mighty hot in them jeans. Why don't you shuck 'em off,"

I look him right in the eye. Alright, cowboy, I think. You I begin untyin' my boots. I take my good ol' time, too.

That cowboy can hardly keep his eyes on the road while I dump my boots on the floor and undo my zipper. I put my beer on the dashboard and slowly slide them dungarees down my hips, bein' real careful not to let my hard prick pop out until the last minute. When it does, it slaps up against my belly with a loud thwack

"Mmmmmm," Bill sighs. "Looks real nice, boy. Keep going," He takes another swig of heer

I pull them jeans down off my legs and throw them over the seat. Then I spread my legs, fetch my beer off the dash, and while drinkin' it with one hand I start playin' with my big pecker with the other. I got a nice one, if I do say so myself And when it's all stiff with the big blue veins stickin' out all along the shaft, it's a sight to behold. My balls hang down all the way to the seat, too, 'cause of the heat. They're big and inside. The breeze from the window feels real good on my

"That's real good, man," Bill says. "Real good. Why don't you reach over here and take mine out of my pants for me,

I put the beer down again, then lean over and undo the buckle on the cowboy's belt. I'm excited as hell to see what he has inside them pants. I rip open the fly and haul out his big piece of manmeat. Bill lifts himself up off the seat a bit to help me out. I drive my hand in deeper and pull out his big blond nuts, too. His dick was pretty near as big as mine nice and long, with a goosey pink head that oozed drops of

"Yeah," he moans, "Suck it, Harley. Let me see you jerk yourself off while you suck on my dick. am more than happy to oblige. I drop my head down on that beautiful prick and swallow it whole. My nose is buried

in his damn crotch fur, and I can smell the sweat and leather of his chaps all at once. He lifts his hips and rams that fucker

"That's it, baby, All the way." I begin suckin' that tool like I'm starvin'. He reaches down with one hand and grabs my swingin' dick in his gloved fist. The smooth material feels so damn good on my hot rod that I think I'm gonna shoot my load then and there, I let him play with it all he wants as I work my tongue around his own

throbbing shaft. "Wait a second," he says I lift my head. Bill takes his can of beer off the dash and pours what's left of it all over his cock. It bubbles down

around his crotch and soaks his jeans. He throws the can on the floor and grabs the back of my head again 'Now, baby," he grins, "Clean it off real nice."

I lick all that sweet-tastin' beer off his cock while he jags me off with his other hand. I lap my tongue around his balls, chewin' on them real hard to get all the beer off. Then I stick my nose and mouth down below his ball sac, lickin' at the musky crack that leads to his asshole. The cowboy moans and puts his foot down harder on the gas pedal. I feel that of pick-up jump down the road as he pumps my dick harder with his fist. I get back to his dick, takin' the whole thing in my mouth and workin' it like there was no tomorrow.

Bill goes wild. He starts hootin' and bumpin' his ass, forcin' that cock down my throat like a wild bronc. I choke on it some, but keep up with my suckin'. I know he's comin' There we are, zoomin' down the highway on the edge of

shootin' our nuts all over that fuckin' cab.

'Take it, man!" Bill yells. I taste an explosion of heavy jism in my mouth as his dick lets loose with a gush. It mixes with the beer and tastes real sweet, y'know? I keep on drinkin' his cum as he shoots again and again. Man, I swear the fucker is never gonna quit. I can't take the feelin' no more. My own cock lets go with a spurt of ball juice that covers his glove with a sticky white mess. We both just keep on cummin' and cummin'. The fuckin' smell of sweat and leather and jism in that truck was enough to make you high.

When we've both shot our balls dry, I sit up with a big grin on my face, wipe the last drops of the cowboy's hot load off my lips, and fetch my beer off the dash,

"Ahh, man," I say, lettin' the cool breeze blow across my body once more. "That sure tasted good!"

The cowboy pats my bare thigh with his hand. "Well, Harley, you sure as hell are a good cocksucker. Now how about it? Are you gonna spend the night at my place or not?"

"Yep. Not a ranch, really. Just a small place in the hills with plenty of free space all around. No nosy neighbors. "Who's your buddy?" "My buddy? His name's Jack, He's working down on the

new highway. I was just heading down there now to pick him up. I work on the cattle ranch back on the other side of town. We only got this here pick-up to get around in.

'What's he like?" I lay my head out the window like some dog and let the wind brush across my face. lack? Oh he's OK, Big dude, Don't say much, But I'm

sure you'll like him." The cowboy gave me a sly wink. "So, what do you say?' I think about spendin' the night with this hot fucker and his buddy and all of a sudden the urge to start a new job goes

out the window

"Okay," I say, "It's a deal." We drive on down the road for a while, shootin' the shit and finishin' up the last of the beer. I'm still sittin' there buck naked and it feels real good. The cowboy can't keep his eyes off my pecker. I think to myself that next time it is goin down his throat.

We soon come to where they are buildin' the new highway. Bill tells me to put my pants back on

"The crew might think it a little funny to see a naked stud in my pick-up," he laughs. I'm finishin' dressin' just when he pulls off the main drag and barrels down a dirt sideroad that leads toward the construction site. We stop in front of a fence and wait as men come passin' through the gate. They all look tired and sweaty. I watch them leave and try to guess which one is Jack. I catch sight of this burly fucker, well over six feet tall, dark and hairy, with faded levis, dirt-covered work boots, and a silver hard hat, He's carryin' a silver lunch pail and blue work shirt in his fist. He comes out the gate, looks around, and spots the pick-up. He walks in our direction. "There he is," Bill says.

I think, I've done made myself quite a deal this time! The big man swaggers over to the truck and opens the door. I don't think he sees me until he starts to get in. I scoot

over, lack just looks at Bill, then at me "Who's this?" he demands in a deep, gravelly voice.
"Get in, stupid," Bill says. "This here's Harley. I'll tell

up into the cab and slams the door. He doesn't say another

We're back on the main highway again before anyone says a thing. I'm squashed between the cowboy and the burly construction worker. My legs are rubbin' up against lack's as we

"Harley's going to spend the night with us," Bill finally

"Oh vesh?" "Yeah. His car broke down, and he can't get to where he's going today. So I offered him a place to sleep. lack reaches around behind the seat. The cowboy

Fine. was right. He doesn't say much "Shit," Jack snorts. "What did ya do? Drink all the fuckin'

beer1?" "Sorry." Bill says, "We were thirsty,"

The big man scowls at me, "I bet you were, You could of "Oh, quit your bellyaching. We'll get some more when we stop to eat." Bill turned to me. "You hungry, Harley?"

"Good. There's a great little diner up the road a piece.

We'll stop there before going home. We ride on to the diner without talking. I begin to think

that maybe I didn't do the right thing. I mean, there seems to be somethin' going on between these two that I can't quite figure out, Can't really put my finger on it, y'know! But We stop at Rosie's place, a little greasy spoon by the side of the highway with a shitload of trucks parked out front.

Bill orders cheeseburgers, fries and beer for all of us. After a couple of mugs of brew, Jack begins to loosen up a bit. When he goes off to the pisser, I ask Bill if he is always that un-

"Unfriendly? Nah, that's just Jack's way of going about things. He's okay. "Look," I say, "if you two are havin' some kinda fight . . ."
"Hey, listen. I told you, everything's fine. Alright?" Bill

wolfs down the last of his burger I nibble my fries, "But he don't seem to like the idea of







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me stavin' over "

Sure he does, I know what he thinks. You just relax.

We'll have a real good time tonight, you'll see.'

Jack comes back and we finish our supper. The his construction worker does seem to be in a better mood now that he's had some food and beer. I remember how my daddy used to say that a full belly would tame the meanest bull. We pay our bill, stop next door at the package store for a case of Coors, then head off out of town.

It's gettin' dark by now. I don't know this part of the state too well, so I soon lose track of where we are. We drink some more beers in the truck, and soon I'm feelin' real good. The stars come out, too - bright little points of fire in a black

velvet sky.

We ride along for quite a while on some bumpy back roads I've been talkin' a blue streak - it always happens when I get high on beer - when I realize that we haven't seen another livin' soul for miles. It sure is deserted out here, Suddenly Bill takes a sharp turn through some steep canyons and gullies which twist and turn up the mountainside. About a half a mile up, we make another sharp turn, and there sits this little cabin snug up against the cliff, Bill pulls up in front and shuts the engine off

"Home, sweet home," he says. Jack and the cowboy hop out of the truck, and I follow, The moon is up by now, too, and it's the only light you can

"Grab the beer, kid," Jack grunts at me, "Might as well

He follows Bill toward the cabin while I lug the case of been out of the back of the pick-up. I follow them up the three or four stairs to the rough wooden porch. It has plain old twoby-fours for railin's. Jack unlocks the door and we go inside. It's nothin' much to look at. A small living room, kitchen, one small bunkroom, and a shower. Bill disappears into the john, and Jack plops down on the couch, pointing toward the fridge.

"Put 'em in there, kid," he says. "And bring me one while

I put the beer away and take one to Jack. I get one for myself, too. I sit in a chair beside the couch as Bill comes back from the john. He grabs himself a beer, too, then came over to join us.

Well, now, what you say we play a little poker?" he says. lack takes a big fat cigar from his work shirt pocket and

lights it up. "Sounds good to me. What about you, kid? You play poker?"

"Yeah," I say. "Some. But I ain't got much money on me. I was goin' to get a job down in Brownsville tomorrow at my

'Yeah, yeah," Jack snorts. "We've heard all about it already. So shut up. It don't matter, though. We don't play for much. Just a little fun before hitting the sack."

"Okay." I say, "I'm game," "I bet you are."

The cowboy and he get up and go over to the kitchen table. Bill fetches a deck of cards from a drawer while I join them. There's just one light in the room - right above the

table. We sit down and start playin'

I must've had five more beers or so as the night wore on, I really lose count. So do my hosts. We're all pretty drunk, and playin' cards is gettin' kinda hard, y'know? But I'm havin fun. Everytime Bill beats Jack, the burly construction worker lets loose a string of cusses that would've made a sailor blush, I'm tryin' not to laugh, but it is funny. Jack keeps puffin' away on them cigars of his and we play on.

It's dealer's choice all night. I only have a few bucks on me, like I said, and I run out of that real quick. But it's alright.

Better than payin' for a motel.

On the other hand, I'm gettin' a little antsy to see some real action. When it's Bill's deal again, he suggests strip poker. I grin. I ain't played that since I was a kid, when me and my cousin used to strip naked out behind the barn and play with each other's "weenies." Know what I mean? Like, the cards was just an excuse for pullin' our tools. Anyway, I told him I could dig it. Maybe that will get things rollin'

We play a couple of hands until most of our clothes are Ivin' in a heap on the floor. I'm not doin' so good: I'm down to just my t-shirt. Bill's lost everything but his boots and chaps - he'd put them back on after takin' off his jeans. He's still wearin' his cowboy hat, too. Jack says that don't count,

The big construction worker also sheds his trousers early on. Now he's got on only his grimy undershirt and work boots with thick wool socks. I'm gettin' the terminal hornies, what with seein' those two sexy dudes with their peckers swingin over the edge of their chairs, Bill's big blond balls are hangin' down real low against the leather chaps. My mouth is waterin' just to get another taste of that beautiful piece of fuckmeat, Jack has a big joint, too. It's all dark and thick and uncut, with a bush of black hair all around the base. His legs are real hairy too. More black fur covers his beefy legs from crotch to ankles. I'm really up for some hot action, y'know? I want

Next time it's Jack's turn, he shuffles them cards slowly. puffin' big clouds of blue smoke outta the side of his mouth,

"I'm tired of this," he says.
Bill leans on the table, "Well, what's it gonna be then,

"Eat shit!" the construction worker snorts.

Bill and I laugh. I take another hit of beer, "Okay," " the cowboy says. "What about you, Harley?"

"The man here wants to play 'Eat Shit,' You know that

"Oh." I say through a beer haze, "No. Never heard of it." Jack takes the cigar from beneath his bushy moustache and points it at me, "It's real easy, kid. Five card draw. Low man

I stare at him blankly. All that beer's made me woosy, He can't be serious, I think. I look at Bill. He's grinnin' again 'What's the matter, Harley? Where's your balls, man? Don't you want to bet on the chance to see that gorilla over there with a turd in his fucking mouth?"

"Shut the fuck up!" Jack barks. Then he turns back to me. "What about it, kid? Put up or shut up?"

I'm thinking what in the hell have I got myself into? But I know I can't really back out now. The look on lack's face tells me that I better play or else. Suddenly I feel very cold

in my belly

"Alright," I say faintly.
"Good," Jack sticks the cigar back into his mouth and shuffles the cards. He deals. I watch them cards as they come at me one by one. I pick 'em up. My stomach is one big knot as I spread 'em and take a look Nothin'! One ace, and the rest crap. My poor dick goes

limp between my legs.

"How many?" Jack demands.

"Four," I say, and my voice cracks. I see a smirk on Jack's face in the dim light. 'Dealer takes two."

I pick up my cards. Two more aces! I can't believe it. Three aces is good enough to get me off the hook, I think,

Now I don't feel so queasy anymore. "Call," the dealer says. The cowboy puts his cards on the table. "Two pair. Jacks

Jack looks at me, I breath a sigh of relief and show my

"Three aces," I say triumphantly. Jack puts his down, too. He has three tens. I look at Bill, I

expect him to be frownin', but instead he's wearin' that same "Looks like you lost, boy," he says, shakin' his head,

"No," I protest. "I got you beat. Him too,

Jack leans back in his chair. I can see that monster fuck-pole of his stickin' up in the air all hard and stiff. "Oh, I guess we forgot to tell you, boy. In 'Eat Shit' aces aren't worth

"But I still beat Bill here."

"Nope," He puffs on that cigar and blows a stream of foulsmellin' smoke in my eyes. "Them's the rules. You lost, It got very quiet all of a sudden. Somethin' inside me tells me to get up and run. And that's exactly what I do. I bolt outta that chair so fast it goes flyin' across the room. But the construction worker and the cowboy are right on my tail. only make it halfway to the door before I'm tackled. Jack and

I fall to the floor in a heap, "NO, you can't!!" I holler.

Jack pushes my face against the wood floor. "Come on,

kid. A man don't renige on his bets around here!"
We fight in a sweaty tangle on the floor, but with all that
beer and stuff I can't put up much of a scrap, Jack is a helluxa
lot stronger than I a m, too. And there's two of them, remember. I'm pinned on my belly with my hands behind my
back when I feel a strap bein' wrapped around my wrists.
They pick me up-off the floor and shove me towards the

door.
I'm cryin' now, y'know? The tears is mixed with the dirty, sweat on my face. "No, please! You can't do this! Let me go!"
The two of 'em shove me out that screen' do the porch, lack and the condition of the screen' do the porch, lack and the condition of the screen' do t

"NO!! HELP!!" I holler. I'm panicked now, understand? I'm hopin' that someone might hear me, but I know in my gut

that there ain't another soul around for miles.

"Ain't no sense hollering like that, boy," Jack growls.
"Nobody's gonna hear you anyway, Just shut up and take it
like a man, or I'm gonna have to get real mean." He slaps my

better."

The burly construction worker jumps down off the porch and stands in the grass with his back towards me. The spotlight from the clash lights him up as he bends over, showin' me his hard, tanned ass with its furry crevice and puckered brown hole. He bends his knees slightly and rests his huge forearms on his thighs. I hear him give a few low, animal grunts and wiggle his butt in my direction.

"Don't look now, kid," says the cowboy. "But here comes

lunch!"

I watch with a sinkir 'feelin' in my gust as the big man's asshole puckers up a few times, but opens alouely as the promy tip of a turb degrit to sign of, the supers alouely as the tropes around the sum of the s

"Don't worry, kid," the cowboy says, pattin' me on the ass.

"There'll be plenty to wash it down with."

He's, finished his can of beer, and now he holds it under his cock, shakes that hose a couple of times, and lets loose with a gush of piss. The force of his spray makes it splash all over, wettin' my hair and back as he fills the can to the brim, the puts that can overflowin' with fresh, warm cowboy piss on the railin' heside me where I can keep any eye on it.

Sweat, piss, and tears is runnin' down my face now. Jack finally stands up, straddlin' the pile of turds in the grass. His face is level with mine. He grabs me by the hair and yanks my head up.

"Alright, boy," he snarls. "EAT SHIT!"

I struggle some more as the big man reaches down and

grabs a long piece of shit. He raises it to my lips. The odor is all around me, fillin' my nose and mak@n' my head spin. "OPEN UP!"

"Strap his ass, Bill," he orders. "The kid's gotta learn some inners."
Bill whips off his belt and starts to smack my bare ass

while Jack keeps on pullin' me up by the hair. The sound of that hard leather on my naked flesh echoes through the woods. But I hold on until the tears is streamin' outta my eyes. Finally I can't stand it no more. My as is on fire, and I think the top of my head is gonna come off. "NO! OH, GOO!!! PLEASE!! NO!!" Holler.

But when he sees me open my mouth, Jack just shoves it in, There I am, chokin' on a mouthful of the big man's shit.

My stomach wretches, but some of it goes down anyway. Like, I can't believe it. I'm swallowin' Jack's shift The cowboy keeps up his strappin' while Jack reaches down for another turd. "EAT IT. KID." He shoves another handful in my mouth.

"EAT MY SHIT!"
"Yeah." Bill laughs, "Eat my buddy's turds, kid." He gives

my ass an extra-naru tri

My senses are numb. The taste in my mouth isn't as bad as I'd expected, and it was a hellova lot better than my burnin' ass. I don't resist no more as Jack feeds me all of it, pushin' it way down my throat with his rough fingers. He wipes his

"Give me that can of piss."

Bill quits his strappin' and hands it over. The construction worker lifts my head by the hair again and pours the warm piss

in my mouth, "Drink it, boy," he says. "Drink it all down like a good

I taste the pungent piss as it washes over my teeth and tongue, then I get to drinkin' it eagerly, washin' away the taste of shit from my mouth. Like someone dyin' of thirst, I down the whole can without stoppin' as Jack just keeps on pourin'

"Hey, Bill," he laughs. "Look at that. The boy likes your piss. Why don't you fill 'er up again for the little fucker."
"Yeah," the cowboy says. He takes the can from his buddy with the likes piss almost as

and sticks it under his drippin' cock. "He likes piss almost as much as eatin' shit, ch?"
He fills it up again, and once more Jack makes me drink the whole thing down to the bottom. When my belly's bloated with shit and piss, Bill throws the can into the yard and

I couldn't believe it, but I suddenly realize that my cock is as hard as a fuckin' flagpole. My tormentors didn't miss this, though.

"What do you say we fuck his ass," Jack says.

Bill slaps his stiff shaft against my bare asscheeks. "Yeah.

Bill slaps his stiff shaft against my bare asscheeks. "Yea sounds like a good idea to me."

And they did. With just a little spli on their cocks, the two men take turns pluggim my butthore. They are both moanin and graamin, and I know that I could cam if they just so much and graamin, and I know that I could cam if they just so much just a could be a spline to the place. The feed of his huge, hot fucker up my butt was incredible. I can feel his fat balls slappin' up against comin' in my sak, he reaches down and grabs shold of my dick. I let loose with a yell and a gush of just that shoots halfwar around the year. I have a support they ward, be, trusteen they are consistent of the place in the place of the place

"Yep," he says. "The boy's got the makings of a real cow-

They leave me alone and go back into the cabin, I stay

there on the porch, pantin' and shakin' like crazy. They're gone a real long time, too. But I can hear groans and have slappin' sounds comin' from inside. I guess that they are doin' an instant replay all by themselves.

While they were busy, I managed little by little to work

them ropes loose. I was scared shilless that they were gonna come back out at any minute. But they didn't. I listened for awhile, and it got real quiet. I figured they decided to catch a few Z's while I waited here outside. When I heard loud snorin', I slipped my hands free from the ropes and took off into the woods like a deer with a pack of hounds at his heets.

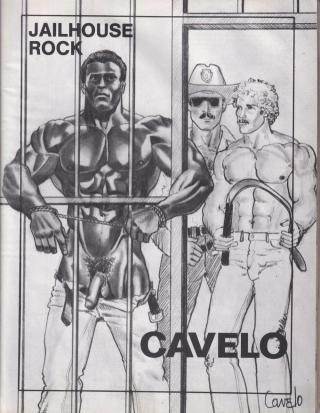
I must have run a long time. I didn't give a fuck that I was naked — my t-shirt was lost in the fight on the floor. Hell, I just wanted to get outst after as fast as I could. I stopped only once, to puke in the bushes. But I just got a drink from a postby stream and kent on going.

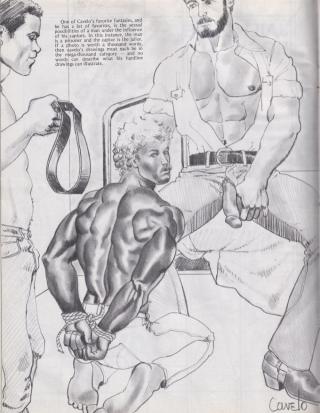
I don't remember how long I ran, but when I finally began to get real tired it was already gettin' light out. I kept goin' for a while longer, not really sure where I was headin', but just as the sun began to peek over the hills I came to a high-

idin't know quite what to do. I mean, there I was a stark-assed naked by the side of the road. Suddenly I remembered that other hitch-hiker, the one they'd found a few days back. I couldn't help it — I laughed out loud, No, I thought, I probably won't [ell anyone what happened, either. I would be itself to won't be used to be a considerable of the country of the c

But what the hell. I had to get somewhere, even it just back to my car. I let a couple of cars go by before I got my courage up. Then I spot this truck comin' down the road. A big semi, Well, I think to myself, these guys have probably seen everything anyway. So I jumped up out at he ditch and, standing there in my birthady suit, I stuck out my thumb.

stop. Then I smile as I hear the squeal of airbrakes













NO HOLES BARRED

If you're one of the Tops around who have gotten tired of the complacent bottom who just rolls over and takes anything you feel like dishing out, then maybe CHALLENGE is for you.

CHALLENGE is a Chicage-based particular control country of the cou

"sports." Unlike the many wrestling clubs across the country, CHALLENGE is definitely a sex-oriented contact club.

Membership ets the CHALLENGE.

Membership ets the Challenge and best and complete listing of other members. The listings are usually quite lengthy, giving the member's vital statistics, address and (usually) phone numbership to the complete and the complete listing to t

For more information and an application, contact CHALLENGE, Box C-25, 323 South Franklin No. 804, Chicago, IL 60606. But be prepared to encounter some mean, nasty-talkin' Topmen when



THE WET LOOK

Now into its fourth year of operation, the "WS" Correspondence Club boasts a membership of more than three hundred men who are, obviously enough, into water sports. More than 25% of the membership live in the San Francisco! water sports a number of members from England, Europe, ber of members from England, Europe, and the control of t

The "WS" Correspondence Club mails out a bulletin every three months listing all new members who have joined since the previous bulletin. Members write their own listing (the samples we saw were very detailed and inviting) and may choose either to use their names, addresses, and phone numbers, or to make use of the club's code. Letters to make use of the club's code. Letters to

make use of the club's code. Letters to members with codel listings are mailed to the club and forwarded at no charge. If you are seriously into water sports and golden showers, you can obtain more information and an application to the "WS" Correspondence Club by contacting Tom Boire at 1874 Union Street, San Francisco, CA 94123.



SHINE, MISTER?

Footman is another. New York-based specific correspondence club. This group is slightly over two years old and boasts about 250 members. Like RFA, Footman issues six newsletters a year, each running about twenty pages of actual members' listings. There are both real readers' adventures concerning feet and shoe adventures concerning feet and shoe work of the properties of which are run occasionally episodes of which are run occasionally.

A section of each issue of Footman is devoted to information on places where foot and shoe action is either part of local scene or easily available. Readers local scene or easily available. Readers baths, and gathering places offer the task baths, and gathering places offer the scenario of the scenari

Footman charges a yearly membership fee, and most ads are coded, A forwarding fee is charged for answering coded ads. Members are given personal listings, which are very detailed and specific, for the term of their membership.

The organization is international, with the usual predominance of Coast city members. Neither Footman nor RFA hosts gatherings, nor are their newsletters illustrated

Footman can be contacted for an application and information by writing to: Footman, Box 741, New York City, NY 10274.

ERRATUM: In the first part of MEM-BERS ONLY which appeared in Issue 41 of DRUMMER, we inadvertently listed an incorrect Zip Code in the address for SMADS, the bi-monthly contact newsletter. We offer our apologies to both SMADS and our readers. The correct address is SMADS, P.O. Box 712, Old Chelseo Statton, New York,



THE MALE SLAVE: VOLUME 2 A beautiful big second edition of his best seller. Exploring the S&M relationship with magnificent new art and photography, plus pages and pages of collectors' items, 64 pages 95



BEEN WAITING FOR! Bigger than a speeding locomotive, faster than a tall building, able to keep it up all night with a single Vitamin E capsule! Harry Chess and Micky and all their friends in



ROY DEAN'S NUDES A massive and color-filled collection of Roy Dean's most popular models, each more muscular and powerful than the next. If you like your men built like mountains, this is for



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MR. BENSON The book that started a pubhottest S&M lover story you'll 595



"BORN TO RAISE HELL" Wildest S&M scenes on film starting with the rape in a Leather har the shaving of a slave's entire body and the retribution of the two cops







THE STORY OF Q Robert Payne's retelling of the with lavish and lustful illustrations by Olaf, including a The most erotic adventure story eyer written!



THE BEST & The first Drummer annual with original material never seen in the pages of Drummer

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The California Motorcycle Club's annual carnival is, if nothing else, the world's largest leatherbar. Men travel to San Francisco from all over the world for this annual fall event, creating a Wood-stock of chrone, denim and leather. The event, which raises money for various learner and gay organizations (including the Cay Freedom Day Parade and the CMC known that this year it became the jewel in a four-day weekend of South of Market festivities.

At the Carnival itself, which was held in a three-story former taxi barn, over one hundred leather-orientated organizations and businesses hosted booths; and the carnival had both a country-western and a rock band to play for the thousands of men who attended.

The one-day leatherfest lasts from noon until dark, when most of the attendees either head for their favorite watering hole to party out the night, or tuck a new slave under their arm and make the party a private one.

CMC CARNIVAL





Sauntlet

Jewelry for exotic piercings



DRUMMER 30













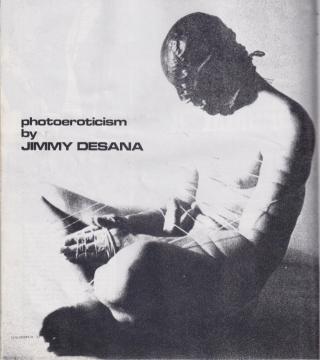


It's been described at the Leather United Nation, Secuses of the number of European leathermen who travel to the West Coast for this event. And the high-with the control of the Coast of t

The cavernous building looked like a Leather United Nations, with hundreds and hundreds of motorcycles lining the sidewalk. But that is just as it should be, since San Francisco was the first home of the other U.N.

DRUMMER 31

submission







An extraordinary show took place recently on New York's 57th Street, the

recently on New York's 57th Street, the highway of high art in the Big Apple. 57th Street is usually reserved for those who have made it. And usually one of the prices for having made it is being nice. A 57th Street artist doesn't show his sexuality, or anyone else's for that matter. He limits himself to only the most tasteful of female nudes -

by

LESLIE

EAST

if that Homosexuality is usually reason for expulsion from the area. Depict cocksucking or fucking between two men and you're sent off to the Village or SoHo for life,

for life,

57th Street is the height, and you only
reach it by playing by the rules.

Jimmy De Sana doesn't play by the
rules. His camera has been trained on the











most rule-breaking areas of human life and experience. It's a concession to his technical brilliance that even 57th Street has to acknowledge him and everything his camera has caught — shit, piss, bondage

The work that Jimmy de Sana showed at the prestiguous Stefenotti Galleries in New York this winter has been captured in a remarkable volume, Submis-

sion. The book, complete with de rigeur introduction by William Burroughs, who mouths insanities about S&M, is one of the most stunning collections of sadomasochistic art ever produced.

the most stunning collections of sadomasochistic art ever produced.

Ever so slightly bisexual, the main theme of Submission, is the sexuality of the bound, degraded male figure. Burroughs chooses to label it all as the form of sex. You may choose to see it as the very act of liberation as you look at the photographs of men leaning up to swallow piss or bending over to release

swallow piss or bending over to release the pent up force of a douche, In any case, Submission is a terribly powerful book. You can get a copy of fit for \$12.95 by sending your check to: Stefanotti, 30 West \$7th Street, New York, NY 10019.





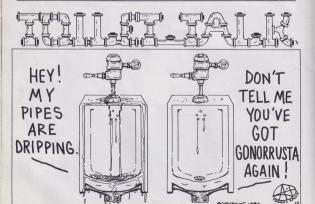


DROWWER 3





DRUMSTICKS





DRUMMER 37

energy now motivated both of us. In the blackness, where I couldn't make out even the outline of his body. Iim's tone

seemed almost strident.

I kent one hand on the wall to guide us: the other gripped the my only bridge to reality: the rest might well have been a through the darkened maze of imagined hell. Feeling my way

ings to absorb the sound. stairs hall and the corridor off which the servants' quarters

We started up, again moving across bare boards where there

"Wait a second," Jim replied. He let go of my hand and of the staircase I couldn't hear him any longer. The entire house was so dark I had been unable to see him when he was right beside me; now, I felt alone . . . more naked than naked walking stick, in case you're wondering."

"Have you got one, too?" I asked. He emitted a soft, short chuckle, "I've got the umbrella,"

into a tickling laugh. Somehow it communicated itself to Jim, and by the time we reached the top we were both trying to hold back the giggles. I felt his hand slide across my naked flank until his fingers closed in gentle warmth about my cock. "Not too much like an old lady," he muttered.

Hysterical laughter was close to bubbling out of me, but it room. My Adam's apple became a lump of emotion-charged

internal rasps as the blood forced itself through constricted vesicles. We paused outside the door, listening for some sign Maybe one of us should phone the police before we take

"We can't," Jim answered.

"I don't see "The blackroom!" he hissed "How are we going to explain it? Where have they been holding us? No, we've got to take

them by ourselves . . . get some other help.

I nodded: then, realizing he couldn't see me, I whispered,

lim turned the handle and eased the door open, I blinked glance gave the entire picture. Charlie was sprawled across the bed, Charlie was dead to the world,

figure. I almost wanted to laugh again, because he was absently leaning on the folded umbrella, for all the world like a proper

, but naked, his sexuality displayed in dark sil-

"Why don't you run down and get a pair of handcuffs, he suggested. "Once we awake him we're apt to have a fight

I obeyed without argument, racing through the darkened Charlie was suddenly more of a project than I had previously

Again we paused, exchanging glances, I held the irons in sleeping hulk grunted and tried to press more firmly onto the senses but between the two of us we forced his wrists back

what had happened. He reared up, roaring like a wounded his wrists. Jim and I were unable to hold him during this. bed. Charlie had flipped onto his back, his arms pinioned beneath him as he glared and shouted at us. But he wasn't

calling for help, which assured us we had been right. Charlie He was trying to roll off the bed, to get to his feet, Withbecame tangled in the spread. He was on his side, shoulders hanging over the edge when he paused, seeming to accept the sudden reversal of his situation. He had tried to get up on Jim's side, and the smaller man shoved him back onto the surface. He brandished his umbrella, poking the steel up against the center of Charlie's gut. He pressed down until most

"Hold still!" he said sharply, "Hold, or I'll drive it right through you." There was a satisfied gleam in lim's eve, but

Charlie remained where he was, rolling his head from side to side, glowering at each of us in turn. His anger was giving way to fear; his expression became sullen, reflecting a de-

me. "Think you can manage him?" he asked. "I'll call one of "Go ahead," I told him, "I'll keep the son of a bitch in

point sink more deeply into Charlie's belly. The big skinhead mine. He was an animal, I thought, a powerful, sexual animal! very Nordic, really, his blond hair clipped so close to the

Jim had moved around the bed and I heard him pick up the telephone from the nightstand behind me. I glanced back at the dawn, I thought. The drapes were drawn across the winanswered Jim's call, apparently, as my companion spent sev-

but if you could get over here, Hal, I'd really appre-" he said, "We've had some very serious trouble No, I'd rather you saw for yourself . . . Right! Bring Jeff . . . yes, by all means bring him with you."

He hung up and looked back at me. "Hell of an hour to be knocking someone up," he muttered. H tried to grin, aware of the diverse meanings; then he looked down at Charlie with a hard expression of distaste." Let's get the big man down-

For a moment, I thought Charlie was going to put up another struggle. He seemed to shrink away from Jim's hand when my companion reached for his shoulder. Instead, he heaved himself upright and stood docilely beside the bed. With one of us on either side, his hands pinioned securely further resistance. His attitude was decidedly apprehensive, in fortune were only now penetrating his sluggish brain. Jim and I were still stark naked. While Charlie was dressed in within my grip as I held his shoulder and guided the big skin-

'What should we do with him?" asked Jim as we shoved

our captive into the room. "It does stink in here," I said. "Think we ought to put the fucker to work?"

"We'd have to change his cuffs," Jim replied thoughfully. He stood with one hand cupped about his swollen lips, elbow braced in the palm of the other. "Big bastard . . . can't take a

"Get over there!" I said, giving Charlie a shove toward the chain he had previously used to hold me in the collar. He almost fell, sliding on the slimy floor. The length of chain touched his shoulder, suspended from its steel ring in the ceiling. He was so much taller than I, it was possible to wrap the links around his neck and secure them with a padlock. I did this and looked back at Jim. "Got the key?" I asked,

The skinhead now stood as he had forced me to do, his eyes gleamed maliciously, and his battered lips twisted into a parody of a smile. "I think he ought to be nude, don't you?"

"Good idea," I agreed. Jim stepped up to the prisoner and quickly unbuckled his belt, shoving the jeans down to bind about his ankles. "That'll help encumber him . . . should he get any ideas," added my

Iim handed me the key and I unlocked the cuff on one of Charlie's wrists, stepping back quickly in case he decided to make a grab for me.

"No need to be afraid of him," said Jim. He struck Charlie in the stomach with a length of chain. "Get that shirt off!"

Slowly, our captive started to obey. The chain was so taut about his neck he had already been forced to balance himself red from the pressure around his throat. I think he wanted to protest, but he sensed the futility of it in the light of all he'd done to us. Jim landed another telling blow, and Charlie's hands began moving more rapidly to unfasten the buttons of

The blue workshirt fluttered to the floor, and Charlie stood in bound, naked submission. Except for the tangle of jeans about his ankles he was completely nude . . . majestic power Despite the skinhead's submissive attitude, I was wary. "Get your hands in front of you and lock that cuff in place," I

He seemd to hesitate, as if this command had interfered with some plan he'd been formulating for escape. I struck him sharply across the ass with a studded leather strap, "Move!"

Grudgingly, he brought his hands together in front and locked his free hand into the empty cuff that dangled from the other. He groaned as the ratches clicked into place, but otherwise said nothing. Jim walked around him, giving Charlie a wide berth as if still fearful lest the skinhead make a sudden grab for him. Standing against the giant's naked backside, he wrapped a length of chain about the big man's waist, joining and I stood with a heavy wooden cudgel in my hand as I

watched. Iim took hold of the links that joined the captive's it. Once the hasp snapped shut. Charlie was bound in much the way I had been . . . except that he had little freedom to

lim unlocked the chain around the skinhead's neck "Why don't you take care of him?" he suggested. "I'd like to clean up and . . . survey the damage." His fingers touched his bat-

I would actually rather have gone with him, but the idea of putting Charlie through his paces was also appealing to me. I agreed and soon had the powerful prisoner mopping out the mess on the blackroom floor. Bert had an electric cattle prod to obey. Completely naked, with no covering of any sort to

I leaned back against the rack as he worked, trying to form man had allowed himself to be brought to my uncle's house as Obviously, he had cased the place and later returned with his fellow thugs to loot it. What bothered me was their timing.

Charlie looked at me with a peculiar expression . . . fear mingled with surprise or . . . what? I couldn't quite decipher before. Whether it was fear of his impending punishment -that alone - or something more, I couldn't tell. I repeated my

I shoved the metal prod against his side and pressed the His feet slipped on the wet floor and he fell into a half crouch against the wall. He was cringing, trying to shield his face,

cover any part of him.

I stood up and advanced toward him, brandishing the prod for another poke. "You haven't answered me," I said. "Please!" he begged. "I don't know nothin!! Honest, Guy.

I don't!" He looked at me like a beaten cur, his quaking flesh

he shrieked again.

His protests had dropped to a panicky whine when I arms he couldn't catch himself and he fell flat on his face. My contempt was turning to anger, a fury which fed on my lie onto his back and I shoved the prod into his crotch, slamming it into the crevice between his legs so it battered his balls. His cock, always heavy and powerful like the rest of him against the moist, blond hairs. It seemed to cringe like the rest of his body, contracted inside the loose hood of foreskin.

"Jewels," he gasped. "Please, now, Guy! Don't burn me with that thing! Please!"

"Then tell me what I want to know," I insisted. "You weren't after any jewels!" I pressed harder on the rod, flattening his balls. I flicked the button to give him a hint of

Charlie screamed and flopped helplessly on the slippery comes ter me and they tells me yer Uncle Bertie is a very rich man. I should go . . . go do me thing with 'im. I was ter look about so's I knows me way about the place. They tells me 'e's a gem collector and if I plays the game with 'em I'll

I had continued to shove the prod deeply into his crotch, but I didn't give him any more current. Charlie had been talking faster and his voice had risen an octave in pitch. He known consequences than he was of my electric shock. Al-









though I continued to guestion him. I was never able to make

We had left Hal and Jeff to look after Bert's house, and

immediately that you arrived," he expalined. "That's all I know, but he was most insistent."

It was a beautiful flight, though I kept dozing off and missed most of the scenery. I didn't come fully awake until

upper floors. The downstairs had been stripped bare, with

help us with our bags, showing no emotion - neither surprise

up several hours ago with Kurt and the others."
"Maybe we should join them," I suggested. I was anxious

The old man sighed. "It's . . . the ghost," he replied un-

happily.
"Oh, shit!" I wanted to laugh, but his strained expression held me back. "You can't seriously tell me this is all some silly

"It is not so silly," he answered evenly, "I know, there

"Alfred, that's the most ridiculous thing I've heard yet," I

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set a knife and plate in front of each of us, "You must eat," here. I know you will not wish to believe, but the way it hap-pened . . " He shrugged again. "Well, judge for yourselves." In essence, Alfred rendered the following account:

It 'hegan near the end of the tourist season, It began near the end of the tourist season . . . this being extended a little longer than usual due to the number of geople coming to the village and using the castle at night.

It was during one of these times that the

To progress this for had taken quite some time and patistranger to the rituals and was soon performing well. His

Usually, Kurt would place a hood on his subject when

The entire chamber was quite dark. The only light came

Everyone turned, and there . . . at the foot of the stairs. was clear the thing was not a mortal man. The outline of the steps showed behind him . . . through him. As we watched, he turned slowly and began to walk toward the staircase. Two

surrounded the specter. That is all he was able to say, but



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"You mean . . . like they're holding a scance?" I scoffed. Alfred shrugged, pursing his lips. "Not exactly," he said.

The old caretaker had already placed Jim's and my bass in breathing that he had fallen asleep.





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Ibs., needs training by knowlegeable

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MASTER NEEDED 27, 6'0" 145

m, 25, 6"1", 155 lbs, wants wild leather/ levi stud to take this punk to the limit in S&M, B&D, wax, cuffs, collars, and heavy LOS ANGELES SLAVE, 43, 6', 165 lbs. with large c/b's digs receiving c/bT work S&M, leather/levis, etc., Box A68. SANTA CRUZ: Hot novice m wants to ser-vice cut blondes B&D, TT, leather, toys, shaving, I am w/m, 30, 5'11", 150 lbs.

slave with beard or moustache who does a good blow job, rimming, and licking crotch & balls for life of obedience and servitude, into B&D. TT, CBT, MD (mad doctors), witchcraft leather and rubber F optional. No scal or WS, Live-in a possibility for the right person. No ventights, fats, fems, olds. Sand pic to Box A44.

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I also like Levis, boots, and ?? Am 59", well-built, male Asian. An emperor does not expect to repeat an order; neither do l.

SLAVE OR MASTER? Looking for stud to 55 who knows his place, can assume either role for the right man. Must be willing to commit himself to

SAN DIEGO MENI Two men, 38 and 39, seek contact with other men into fucking, fisting, WS, jack-off, jockstraps, leather, and funky wear. Couples preferred. No fats, fems. No non-

SAN FRANCISCO SM 33 5'8" 135 lbs 8

S.F. LEATHER STUD

WANTED! BIG MATURE TITS!

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KINKY FILTHY HOT 57": 130 lbs. w/m. looking for hot. with right person or play both simultaneously, Into S&M, B&D, WS, scat

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California bodybuilders, cowboys, leather men, etc., reply to Box 170.

CHAIN ME UP for the weekend. Don't let me see your face. Shave my head before you hood me. Cover my shaved, belt-marked body with

SUPER-HOT goodlooking, hung young stud seeks other S studs for challenges in top position. Travel to SF, NYC, and

SLAVE DANNY Los Angeles Area, I am more beautiful in bondage than in freedom, and I will submit

SAN FRANCISCO Hot bearded man, 39

160 lbs. cut. white, into

THE RULE IS: Do as you're told or else. S. 45, 6'3", 170 lbs., requires hairy and/or pierced m. 20-50. Box 679. HOT & READY IN L.A.

Scandanavian man, 33, versatile (very), good body, goodlocking. Enjoy 3-ways and groups also. Levia, leather, jocks, grease, putdors scenes. Good men and HAIRY HUNKY HUNG

LA Area 46, 59", 179 lbs, brown hair blue eyes, 8-1/2" uncut. Into light S&M B&D, jocks, leather, WS, TT, FF, J/O, fan-tasy trips. Open to most new scenes. Will S.F. "EXTRA-HUNG"

PIGS WANTED

San Francisco: Two hot pig farmers, both w/m. S: 37, 58", 140 lbs, 7" cut. M: 40, 5111", 156 lbs, 8" cut. Heve sty, toys, FFA. WS. enemas, tits, ass-eating and other games. Photo gets photo. Write Troy, Box 31701, S.F., CA 94131. No scat.

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San Francisco: Obedient stave and his
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photo gets ours. Box 876.

S.F. BLACK LEATHER/BOOTS Masculine S, w/m, 34, 5'11", 185 lbs., dressed in full leather, looks hot and smells good. If you are a slender w/m, under 34, like good music, a firm hand, a

right. Mail photo, list of experience, and aincere request to: 955 Oak Street, San Francisco, CA 94117.

and heavy leather. Digs having his crotch licked and his boots pissed on. Am 6, 155 lbs. 8", white, 32. Photo in jock strap and leather jacket a must. Box 967.

WANTED: 50+ SLAVE(S) Must have insatiable appetite for throat and ass abuse. Hoods, dildoes, light S&M

WANTED Slave to receive mild B&D, torture, from former high school educator. Any age, any

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HARDASS UNRULY CANINE

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Looking for biker or leatherman for perma O. Box 4244, San

TITS AND ASS

Los Angeles: 40s, stocky hairy body shaved head, wants bun warmers and

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BIG WIDE OPEN ASSHOLES WANTED LA w/m, 31, 5"11", 165 lbs, wants men with hot assholes into FF, huge dildoes.

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LA for C/B punishment, generous enter-tainment executive, 31, seeks young look-ing (18-25) live-in friend. Free room and

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seeks experienced Photo (face only is ok) appreciated and exchanged Box 680

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Apprentice w/m, 27, with a need to learn, seeks masculine teacher, to share adven-

Young, hot, muscular stud, 5'7", 140 lbs, seeks jocks for rasslin'. Box B28

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NEED TO BE CONTROLLED? lbs., will train slave any age

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Two Bodybuilders—8. 61", 172 lbs, 36,7-1/2": m, 61", 175 lbs, 32, 6"—both very well built into S&M bondage, discipline heavy tit work, hot masculine guys interested in one-on-one, three-ways, of groups. Reply with photo if possible and

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SW FLORIDA: S. Top. leather biker stud. 39, 57°; 140° lbs., crew-out, construction worker, heavy-hop, digs masculine only humpy service buddles for long bot leads at attention. If you are into leather, levis, boots, bikes, cigars, arona, etc., Am dominant and aggressive, sane and sensible. Respect limits. Limited travel ok. Submit qualifications and protot to Box 315.

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FT. LAUDERDALE Pert-time slave wante by Scorpio, trim, athletic. Bendage, discip lime, humiliation, paddiling. Novice cexperienced. Must have firm body, smoot ass, very little body hair. Must be lintelligent, discreet, youthful. No fats, fem phones. Send detailed, honest letter will photo and phone number to Box 881.

SLAVES NEEDED. Box 2266D0 Daytona, FL 32015.

SM, Pisces, 36, 5'8", 165 lbs, well-bi, white, 6", knowledgeable, experienced both roles to go as far as partni experience permits. Partner should well-built big, no fats, fems. Box 009.

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Muscular hairy stud, 6', 165 lbs, wants to correspond with motorcycle cops and other MEN into same. Only boot/breech uniform enthusiasts into disciplined scenes need reply. Discretion assured.

Attractive, stable, intelligent man, mid 20 white, has been exploring sade-masocia imm several years, wants smiller man immid 30s for honest continuing ween explorations. Must have come to an under standing that mutual exploration, support of the property of the propert

HAIRY MACHO MEN If you're into funky, hot, sweaty sex an

If you're into turky, not sweety sex and an hairy, rugged, rough Masters, write me an tell me what you would do to me. Thi good stave can travel and can receive. Also specializing in WS, S&M, B&D, rimming, Fr and Gr with Mr. Right, Box 59. Masochist/slave, 627, 160 lbs., into cookball, and lit torture, humiliation, bondage

hot wax, piss, discipline (verbal) and other abuse, force-feeding my mouth ani asshole, seeks usage by two Miami cigar smoking Top Men between the ages of 31 and 45. Box 886.

vants to be trained to serve a Mass seeds L/L, uniforms, harnesses. Box 4

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RED-NECK FIGHTER

ular young gladiator slave into
of fighting, westling, boxing,
b, well-built fighters send challeng
as to: Bud "Maciste" Becher, c/o 5.

33334.

MIAMI/FT. LAUDERDALE, m, 5'10", 18 lbs. 38, tattoced, seeks further training leather, boots, bondage from tall, slim Reply with photo gets mine Box 487

West Hollywood, FL 33023.

TAMPA AREA: 37, 57*, 150 lbs. biohair & beard, experienced, no role pl S&M, FF, WS. Objective: hot, kinky, w sex 30-50, body hair a plus, experienmust. No fats, fems. MEN only reply. No with night to Box 840.

SARASOTA AREA, Germini, 39, 6', 170 lb 9'.1 have a lean hard amooth-shaven boo Am into enemas, rimming, active a passive French and Greek, Will play m proper S who respects limits. Box B41.

MASOCHIST/SLAVE 6"2", 160 lbs. into cock & ball and tit torture, humilation, bondage, hot wax, piss discipline, verbal and other abuse. Force feedling my mouth and assistance.

reading my mouth and assnore. See usage by two Miami cigar smoking To Men between the ages of 35-45. B 1265. FACE SITTERS NEEDED

FACE SITTERS NEEDED by blond dog slave. No scat prefer do nant guys with hairy asses. PLEA MASTER PLEASE Box 1266.

57", 140 lbs., crew-cut construe worker, heavy-hung, digs mass. C Serivce buddles for long hot leather sions. No fats, old men, etc., you set attention if you are into leather levis, but bless, cigars, aroma, etc., AM DOI agress, same & sensible. Respect is Limited travel o.k. Submit qualification photo to Box 315.

Show off your tough hard body with it goodlooking rauch man. Into works mates, mirror JO. Pits worship, swe Heavy didd and enema action sought a given. Tender young guys expertly taughow to be men. Write 1/photo Box 47.

GEORGIA

G/W/M Pisces, 26, 140 lbs. 6 tall, 9 cu brown blue, hairy, muscular, moustach goodlooking, Light SAM, FF, dildoe enemas, active FR/GR, three-ways, ve satile. Seeks like-minded G/W/M 26-4 Write to Clamir, 1338 Piedmont Avenu

ANTA MS. Aquarius, 34, 58°, 135 lbs., e. good body, level head, experienced. Sering for men over 25 into 8.D. euspen, it workouts and similar action. Able sixe charge, but prefer not to Respect imits assumed, expansion by mutual sent Rox. 714.

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Bondage, fantasy, face-sitting, uniforn piss, shit sweat, pain, humiliation, leath levis, smelly jocks, uninhibited sex. Wi 35, 8, 160 lbs., good face-bodylviol always top but might switch or do multipignain scene with right man. From It ture to toliets, boot camp to drunken bucles, if a all good. Let's explore. Travel U Box B64.

boxing skills and sperring, I have boxin gloves. Write Ronald Miller, 3636 Wer Diversey, Chicago, IL 60647. W/M, 31, 5"11", seeks men into B&D an humiliation. Men in underwear especials and longiohns. JWH, 450 Briar Piace N

CHICAGO: w/m, 38, 5, 6'3", 180 lbs., seeks friends/slaves 30 or over in go physical condition with level head. B

WANTED: Writer needs input for story tellin. Der Fledermaus says my fictoo lacks authenticity—so fell me the SAM-do's and "don's". Brian C'Hara. 4321 West 98th Street Oak Lawn, IL 60453.

CHICAGO, Aries. 29, 611, 200 lbs. muscu lat 3, cominant and knowledgeable. "Poul Handsome bocybulder knows love to give heardsome bocybulder knows love to give

SPRINGFIELD, S. 54, 5'8", 160 lbs, looking for slave, 21-50, white only. Am experienced, respectful of limits; but can be either extremely sadistic or gentle.

EVANSTON, S, Scorpio, 48, 511*, 170 lb white, 61°, knowledgeable; turned on thigh, heavy boots and wants slave will same strong interest for mulusily boots sessions. Master wears rubber boots for leath slaves. Limits respected. No drugs. Be 2423. Riddeway. Avenue. Evanston.

MASTER LOOKING FOR SLAVE
Who will take care of my home. Will be
kept naked and shawed. Must be into lighth
skid, B&O, WS, Must like to log, swim, and
bike. 18-35 and under 6". Will help relocate Send photo with lettle. Box 314.
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Doyald Mille. 3658 W. Dherespo, Chicago.

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21, white, inexperienced. Will make up obedience what I lack in experience Seeks sincere, understanding an knowledgeable Master to bring out it best in me. Will try anything once to travel to surrounding states. No blood are oserat Photo, please Roy 833.

vansville, W/M 30, 511, 175 ib eared and Hairy. Seeking big-muscle en into flexing, Body Massage and boo

IOWA

10WA MASTER, 6', lean, white, seeks permanent statue for complete physical and seemal training, naked bondage and submission. Must be lean or muscular, harbonned. Send photo, application, and phone to Sox 94. Able 97.

KENTUCKY MASTER SEEKS SLAVE

exington, S. 38, 5"11", 175 lbs., perienced in all scenes. All limits confered. Must have firm body and have ur head on. If you are ready, write now ix 986, Lexington KY 40588. you are into kinky sex, write P.O. Box 1107, Lexington, Kentucky 40523.

IOE, 33, 6', 175 lbs. seeks w/m, 25

primarily in into rather son type ne with bondage. Will assume S proper m. Box 332.

antasy? Want it to come true? rded dudes from norther Maine to all scenes: groups, FF, WS, J/ ball torture, bondage, voyeurism, and aroma; ready for hot, kinky one visit, write or call. Your photo

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BALTIMORE AREA, m. novice, 5111", 18 ibs, 6" cut, seeks sincere, understandir experienced and knowledgeable Mast to bring out ability to serve. Am willin obedient, and eager to learn. Some Utravel. Box 128.

(either role), into L/L, WS, CBT/T, B&D, strap, FFA no scat. Apply with picture stating desires. Frequent visitor to Chicago, LA, SF, Box 855.

HAGERSTOWN: W/m, 35, 6'1", 170 lbs. bodybuilder looking for other masculine well-built bodies. Must be totally male Box 36.

MASSACHUSETTS

Say, 155 Jds., aboding for fivel bridger, WKS, 1st forture, mill SAM or BB.O. Bios 84 CAPE COD, 8, 52, 67, Isarusz, 200 Db., we refund cod like and the same state of the say of

BOSTON: Bearded w/m, mid-30s, ve satile and imaginative, 5'9", 155 lb uncut, hairy body; lurned on by tit wor WS, ass work, and foot-licking. Seeks me of same interests. Willing to expand. Bo

XPERIENCED TOPMAN, 46, 5'99", 161 os., seeks L/L partners over 25, Beards o

oustaches a plus. Box 721.

REAL SLAVE

M, 29 Goodlooking, needs serious handsome MASTER desiring to own a sleave/dog as his property, and for his pleasure. Box 1256

MICHIGAN

TITS. NAVELS, TOES

MASTER understands your needs. Time for talk and time for action. Thumb area professional, Michigan, Tom Proctor, Box 104, Cass City, MI 48726.

TAYLOR, MS, Capricorn, 24, 5'10", 165 lbs, white, 6-1/2", novice. Eager to learn from and submit to the right S. Will serve

WHY NOT TURN ME ON?

WHY NOT TURN ME ON?
FLINT, MICH. WM. 44.6; silm, mature fox wants to meet new friends. Meeting of minds could lead to meeting of bodies. Sensible guy, slim body and bare chest is my turn on. Photo and phone gets speedy reply, Ron, P.O. Box 130, Holly, Mich. 4843.

NORTHERN MICHIGAN

FLEXIBLE MASTER seeks adaptable partner into weekend bondage and discip-

MINNESOTA

TOILET FACE-SITTING Minneapolis, SM. Taurus, 31, 5"11", 7", bearded bottom for piss & scat. I love

MASTER WANTED Minneapolis: White, 25-year-old, handsome, masculine slave, 5'11", 150

10s. light brown half, green eyes, dark beard—hot & horny, 7-1/2", Leo, 1 am roady serve white 28-40 years stud. I would prefer only tall, dark, hairy, muscular Masters. Beards, moustaches, and big manly tool a plus. Let me serve you and many tool a plus. Let me serve you and

UNCUT WHITE TOP MAN 40-70. Grizzled, masculine white cocksucker must live with, worship and

Sucker must live with, worship and suck; one tough, straight non-neciprocating, obscience fackin son of a bitch. Full time, cowboys, farmers, lawmen, hard halts, others welcome. Like boots, levis, eather, pies, THICK Packers, clean assholes. Will relocate. Photo/Phone. Bo 1261.

WANTED: UNCUT WHITE TOPMAN

40-70. Grizzled, masculine, white cocksucker must live with, worship, and

W/Male, 43, 6"1", 165 lbs, seeks slave or prisoner who needs tit, cock & ball torture Box 356.

MISSOURI

S MONK SEEKS DISCIPLE M to serve? Apply with aspirations and photo. Many are called but only one is chosen Box 363.

NEBRASKA

NEW JERSEY

OLDER GEMINI MASTER seeks slave over 40 for S/M, B&D, Tit work, spanking, etc. It should be piss drinker— submissive and obedient who knows its place. Box 1287.

NEW YORK

SLAVE REQUIRED

to delive into exploration of lowly self by being for his Master. Master, 29, white, 58°, 150 lbs, interviewing for those who know their place and needs. Letter of respect and photo to Box 831.

HOT SCAT

Hung hot dude looking for hungry mouth-to-eat hot scat from my asshole. Macho top-

toys, drugs, photos, groups. Throw my ass

BOXING/BODYBUILDING

FUCK YOU & YOUR GIRL FUCK YOU & YOUR GIRL

Hunky western bi digs hot kinky sex with
your girl while you watch—or while she
watches my 9" fat cook fuck your ash—
into everything—Hot Topman. Write with
photo—annywhere USA and overseas
possible, Box 100 Downstairs, 132 West
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service dominant bonchos who want service and relief. Turned on by leather, shoes, boots, cigars, and male swagger. Willing to learn more about pleasing macho types. All letters welcome and answered promptly, ages 23 to 50. Box 200 kg.

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PUPPY SEEKS BULLDOG Hot Italian, 28, 5'9", 175 solid lbs., seeks beer-bellied brutes who enjoy a butch

WELL-SHAPED ASSES, TITS, BALLS trained by hot, hairy-chested, handsome traveling Master (39, 63*, 175 lbs, 8*) on well-equipped rack, WS, FFA, whip and

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Hot uniform and leather man has had it

SEX-AGENABIANI Libra, m, 6'3", 170 lbs., mid-60s, white-haired blue-eved man of distinction type

PIGGY RAUNCH Versable NYC Chelses w/m, Scorpian, 33, 57", 130 lbs., 7" cut, for uninhibited scenes. Heavy ass play (FF), L/L, WS, scat, locks, sweat, oil, shaving, bits, c/b torture,

WRESTLERS-FIGHTERS 29, 6'2", 190 lbs, w/m, Topman wants to meet submissive young dudes into no-holds-barred, L/L, jock, wrestling. Also want to hear from other Tops into same.

SUPER HEAVY SAM Way out and wild S&M given to hot young slave by brutal, well-equipped Master Real m's send photo, age, experience to

BUFFALO, w/m, 27, 5'9", 185 lbs. 7" uncut

HOT SCAT Hung hot dude looking for hungry mouth to eat hot scat from my asshole. Macho top-

FUCK YOUR GIRL & YOU Hunky western bi digs hot kinky sex with your girl while you watch—or while she watches my 9" fat cock fuck your ass—into everything—hot topman. Write with photo—anywhere USA and overseas possible Box 100, Downstairs, 132 West 24th St. New York, NY 10011. NYC. FF RECEIVER, W/M, 28, 5'4", 110 lbs. 7" needs scenes with 30's Leather lbs. 7", needs scenes with 30's Leather. FFA Master into calibrated pain, B&D, shaving toys, drugs, photos, groups. Throw my ass in your sling. Box 1289.

WELL SHAPED ASSES, TITS, BALLS trained by hot, hairy, chested, Handsome Traveling Master (39, 63, 175 lbs. 8") On well-equipped rack, WS. FF, Whip and needle work AOK! submit humble letter

with photo, phone, limits to: Box Holder

When in AKRON, cum and see me. Send photo. No fats or drugs. Box B36. CLEVELAND MS 28 6' 170 lbs swim please my captor. If you like games, write to Box 21192 Cleveland OH 44121

CLEVELAND BODYBUILDER Hot young white Master, 23, new to Cleve-land, 6', 165 lbs., 8", exceptional mind meat, looks, body, would like to meet hot

OKLAHOMA

good muscles, seeks willig hot men to 45 eager to experiment. All scenes con-sidered with limits respected. Am eager to learn and to teach. Prefer top but can be willing bottom. Beginners welcome. Dis-creet. No fats. Reply with photo to Box

police looking for other officers and ex-officers into policing, police leathers, uniforms, hoopers, and cycle cops as a lifestyle. No takes, overly fat fems or lifestyle. No fakes, overly fat, fems, or drugs. Discreet. Box 885

HOUTH LOCK A unique trip: Let your big soft cock and balls be strapped into my sensuous mouth pouch! Hunky cowboy, 33, 6°2", soild body, 7-1/2" loose balls into western wear, military, police uniforms, athletes, seeks men with sdimilar interests. Box 18441, Oklahoma City, OK 73154.

OREGON

PORTLAND BOTTOM, slender, bearded, cuddler, 37, seeks artistic tooman, sen-

sualist, creative, into knots, oil, many trips. W/M, 40, 6'0", 180 lbs., 8", into bondage, cock/ball/tit forture. Box A58. PORTLAND bottom seeks dominant, aggressive top. Dig ass-beating, humilia-tion, piss, rimming, toys, titwork, kinky scenes. Am 31, 6'2", 185 lbs., goodlooking. Box 624.

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Black—35, Very goodlooking, 5'11", 170 lbs, educated, well built Into friendship, french passive, Greek-Super active, All replies answered, No S&M, Queens, Drugs, kinky or fats. Write with details. Box 1275

FOOT SERVICE I know how to please 5'6". 32, 140 lbs. w/

m, will worship your feet/boots. Moustache a plus, beards OK, Box 705 PITTSBURGH AREA MASTER 45. 5°C. 155 bs. cigar smoker, full leather, requires submissive slaves under 6°. Fully equipped dungeon. Hot, heave scenes. Want real submissive men, no phonies, fats, fems. Young novices considered for permanent servitude training.

RHODE ISLAND

SOUTH CAROLINA

M, 25, white, 5"10", 145 lbs, into fucking

TENNESSEE

TEXAS

FT. WORTH, SM, 47, 6'2", 195 lbs, 7" uncut, German Aquarius is looking for slave. Should be knowledgeable, clean. uniforms, boots, and leather. Not into FF scat, WS. Box 059D. HUNKY ORIENTAL 27 seeks a slave or Master into piercing, bondage, ball play and more. Must be muscular and hairy. Send photo. Box 864

COWBOY MASTER
W/m, 24, 170 lbs, looking for slaves into heavy B&D, WS, C/B, boot worship or any-

DALLAS: COMPLETE MASTER EAGER TO LEARN

VIRGINIA

Virginia: SM, can be both. 26, 5'10", 170 lbs, well-built, good looks. Clean-cut. Levis, boots, action, B&D. Limits respected Photophope to Bay B38.

WASHINGTON CIGAR SMOKERS

Hot muscular leather man 32

seeks like-minded muscular stud for per bearded a plus. Please send photo. Box 1268.

6'2", 188 lbs., lookin' for some athletic competition in Seattle. Collegiate, pro-submission, no-holds-barred: "Il take ya on, Only serious, sweaty locks need reply

SEATTLE AREA: FF top and/or bottom

WEST VIRGINIA

hairless preferred, nice ass, who wants his tits worked over. Box 736

BODYBUILDER SLAVE WANTED

WISCONSIN

hairy chest, novice needs instruction in

WYOMING

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AUSTRALIA

SOUTH AUSTRALIA, M, 46, 180 lbs., 71/2" uncut, extremely obedient. May I serve you? Box 720.

CANADA S, 45, 5'11", 150 lbs, slender, blonde,

SLAVE REQUIRED

W/M, 35, 5'10', 180 lbs, blond, slim build into mild S&M R&D, wishes to meet with TORONTO, m. Pisces, 5'10", 155 lbs., 40

ENGLAND Filth-Loying Slave

39, 5'9", 140 lbs, looking for Master to make him gravel in oil, gresse, mud, fifth, etc. in chains, Rox A95 LONDON, Leather guy, 6"2", 170 lbs.,

W/m, 32, 60°, 165 lbs, looking for partner in leather or denim. Willing to try almost anything. Box 716.

SM, 45, 5'11", 6" cut; imaginative, wide range of interests, willingness, Box 359.

FRANCE



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The WHERE-TO-FIND-IT guide for those hard-to-find items that you won't find in the ordinary yellow page books!

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by writing off to all the listings!

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no-charge search for items not listed. Special coupon for this purpose in the back of the directory. Revised quarterly, latest issue has over 400 listings. To get your copy.

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GERMANY

DLOGNE, SM, 45, 6", white, 7" uncut, into their role, experienced and convincing, seculine, stender and muscular, tends wards 5 role. Interested in meeting men to more than sex. Should be intelligent, seculine, wear leather naturally. Should my age or younger, not fat, no fems.

Serman SM, 34, 8°2", uncut, experienced, lants to meet men on both coasts into pather, levis, toys and games. No hangups bout age, race or endowment. Also want o share staves with Mastes, use and buse them. Also winereated in exchanging cess, etc. Write with details and photo.

HOLLAND

HOLLAND, hot hunk, 31, 6'3", 190 lbs., 10" uncut, with hard gym body into hot sex, face fucking, titollay, 08. WS, FF, toys, anything wild. Will visit USA over Xmas and look for a good time with hard bodied dudes from 18-35 who really like to take it. Levis, leather, groups. No fems, fats, or

LUXEMBOURG

Novice needs training, W/m, 33, 183 cm, 75 kg, prefers beards, moustaches, coun-

SWEDEN

YOUNG SCOTSMAN, 25, m, 61", 175 lbs 8", handsome, muscular, athletic needs to be dominated and trained by another sm lar stud (leather, levi, cowboy, etc.). Will for future contact. Photo, please, Box A7 Melmo, S, 41, 61", 70 kg, 17", uncut, braind demanding top seeks slave wheant to be completely controlled, by gares, the teal thing only. No fats, fem limitations, Box 477.

STOCKHOLM BEGINNER wants muscula trainer. Am 23, 5'10", blond, 200 lbs., 6

CONTACTS

Young, goodlooking Swiss gay man, 29, would like to meet and correspond with handsome muscular bodybulider. Will be visiting Chogap, NYC, LA. San Francisco during July and August 1981. Who will be my guide? Many sitness Wile with photo: like ten be gained brawn, Box 835. S&M, 8&D, WS, ETISHES find one who sharts your interest, Read SMADS. Send \$250 for sample copy. State over 21. Box.

LATE ARRIVALS

PERM. SLAVES WANTED BY coodlooking San Francisco Master, 33, 6°, 55 lbs., seeks slaves from around U.S. for F.W./S. & B/D. Heavy lift work, must be 25-5, willing to take orders very well. Have omplete playroom. Send for application ith a detailed letter/photo. Serious only, vittle Mr. Bill, Box 1350

HOT HORNY MASTER Goodlocking, heavy set Master, 30, seeks slaves under 35, for training and punishment. Limits respected and expanded.

26, 6", 170, br/br beard seeks introducton, guidance to rubber scenes. Prefer older, bearded, paunchy, avuncular. Correspondents only, akay. Complete discretion. Box 1310.

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PERMISSION TO PEE, SIR? No, it's not a remake of "The Exorcist," it's an invitation to sweaty, raunchy sex and, of course, water sports. Write R.C., Apt. D-21 Taylor Bldg., 3810 Executive Ave., Alexandria, VA 22305.



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dude come from three years of
pumping iron. And from pumping
his lover, standing. Sorry, men, no
address on this one.



DRUMMER 65



s about time that we had a club of our own. And not just club, but the kind of place that the fun-seeking sensualist in you has been searching for. There are a lot of things round tain. — Discos. Encounter Clubs. Glory-Hole Clubs

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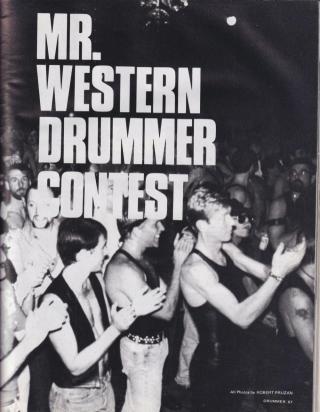
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MOBY'S DICK The folks at Club Interna-Ine Tolks at Ciuo interna-tional, the mag that brought you "Long Dong Silver," the Black man with the "immeasurable cock" (see DRUMMER Issue 40, "Tough DRUMMER Issue 40, "Tough Shit"), have now unleashed their "Great White Hope" in one "Texas Longhorn himself: Moby Dick!" in Vol. 4, Issue 4, Moby's Dick measures some 17½" long. Club

International swears, as they did in the case of Mr. Silver, that the photos of Mr. Dick are authentic

and unretouched. and unretouched.

Roger Cook, Editor of CI,
promises that Vol, 4 Issue 5 will
also feature Moby Dick in another
"Sex Freak Exclusive" entitled
"How to Blow Yourself," Cook
also promises that in the same

issue, the article we have all breathlessly awaited, as CI unveils "our favorite Hermophrodite in a full-

color portfolio of confused sexu-DRUMMER readers who would like to demonstrate for us the art of auto-felatio should contact the Editor. Hemophrodites need not







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DRUMMER 75

MINESHAFT



by John Preston

Photos by Alex





The name has a magic to it. American tourists abroad report meeting people and having it be the first question. One friend told me about the German fellow he once met in Berlin. He could speak only two phrases of English: "You wanna fuck?" and "Tell about the Mineshaft."

When a gay bar is popular, it usually means that a mass of publicity highlights a place; often that leads to the in-group of straights in the city to invade it, automatically eliminating its special qualities. Or else, all the wrong people come and turn a nice drinking spot in the neighborhood into a much too chic cocktail lounge. Somehow it does seem

But the Mineshaft has held its place

as the premier sleaze bar in the country for four years now. It's done it with only word of mouth communications for advertising. It's done it without having so much as a sign out front at its location at Washington and Little West Twelfth Streets in the middle of New York's meat packing district. And it's done it

There may be discos that are larger than the 'shaft, but there are no other bars in Manhattan as large as it is. Two stories plus roof of an industrial building. When you first walk in you enter at the second level. It's misleading. At first you think you're just standing in any leather you can sense a certain tension in the air that other places only hope to have. But . . .

It's not until you notice the halfnaked and jock-strapped men that you really understand that the 'shaft is that different. It's common, encouraged practice to check any - or all - of your clothes when you arrive. The sweating bodies and the collared necks are what

The fact of the matter is that the ning of a complex of two bars, seven other rooms, and plenty of corners and corridors. The 'Shaft is a sexual Disneyland with space and with action to meet all the requirements of all your perver-

The men who go to the Mineshaft regularly are a special crew - a very special crew. They tolerate the visitors and



the suburbanities from Jersey and the tourists from Dayton. They'll glady give any of those guys the "special" experience they're looking for — a dunk in a bathtub full of pits, a chance to lick boots, a belting across virgin-to-pain asses. But they're happiest with one another. They form one of the unique communities in gay New York.

So, when it's time to celebrate the

So, when it's time to deterrate the 'Shaft's anniversary, the army of lovers in the night sheds its black leather anonymity and turns up the lights and has a birthday party that would have delighted the Marquis de Sade.

The Mineshaft birthday party is an annual event in the New York underworld. Wally, the manager of the Shaft and a believer in the best of times, always spends plenty of time and mouse setting it up. A party like this one can't be contained in a single evening. A full week is always put aside. The contests, and the contest of the conte

The event has become such a highspot for sleazy New York that it's reached the

point where people's travel plans are made around it. No one who values his dirty jock strap would think of leaving town during the birthday celebration. Wally carefully divides the days of

the week to make sure everyone gets his special act in. This year he opened with "Asses for Action." Imagine, if you can, a crowd of cheering men standing around a crowd of cheering men standing around ket that's tied from the ceiling. The only hint of what's to come is a site cut in the fabric. Then, one by one, the contest site the thrainy — or shawed — asses starts sitch their hairy — or shawed — asses solely on the merits of their ack chutes.

The next thing is an event dear to

Wally's heart: "The School for Lower Education," This year members of Chicago's Hellfire Club, those S&M afficianados who bring you the unspeakable Inferno, gave the lessons—the course was Slave Whipping 101.

The fetish that comes closest to the Mineshaft speciality came next. Piss is as natural as beer drinking at the 'Shaft. There seems to be a group concensus that

it would be a crime to waste a drop of manhood's finest in a toilet. If it's good enough to come out of your prick, it's good enough to go down someone's throat.

If piss is the favortie fetish, jockstraps are the most stylish mode of dress, and it's only right that the 'Shaft put a jock strap contest into the week's events. There were prizes for the wettest, the dirtiest, the cleanest, you name it. Wally himself sat on the stage and helped with the uh., uludging.

When you have a group of men who are as sex-obsessed as the Mineshaft regulars, you know you have a group of men who are admirers of foreskin. Be-discovered the sex of the sex

There are certain subgroups of men who use the 'Shaft regularly, Leather and



uniforms are two of the groups that certainly had to have moments of their own. There probably were more cops in the 'Shaft on uniform night than there were in the precinct house that evening, And Leather night produced some of the heaviest public S&M you could possibly have asked for.
The Mineshaft doesn't really get

going until eleven at night usually, Sunday's an early exception to the rule.) The anniversary events were all held at a time of night that wouldn't interfere with the usual flow of sexual activities In fact, they were held to enhance the usual ambience. Can you imagine what happened to the swirling crowd of hun-gry men who arrived on Friday night expecting the usual weekend crowd and instead found the remnant of the leather party stalking the place?

It sometimes seems strange to find a party going on in a place like this where you really only expect sleaze and little, if any talk. But party they did. The real break in atmosphere - the time when everything was just plain fun - came with the body painting contest. There was Wally giving out paint and sending the contestants off to do their creations. The winner - you should have known was someone who ended up having a pair of chaps and a vest painted onto a totally nude form,

And if you're going to party, you have to have a cake, right? What kind of cake could you have for a group like the Shaft regulars? A man, Spread out over a wooden table with the anniversary candles dripping over his naked torso and,

for the final effect, a single birthday

candle stuck up his cock. The 'Shaft is back to usual now. The sleazy action is heating up the enormous space and the waves of men are rolling in from all over the city and all over the country. All the events of the party are being recreated by the guys who don't need an escuse to whip a slave, piss on a servant, suck off a Master, But Wally -Wally's planning next year already. He's got this thing about the 'Shaft's birthday party. Every one of the anniver-

saries has to be better than the last. If you plan to be in New York next October, I'd make sure I had an up-todate membership if I were you. If you're not at the Mineshaft birthday party, you're going to have a hard time getting

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RUMMER'S BOOKS

THE PAINFUL PARTS

The great difficulty I had with my college professors was their inability to integrate the academic knowledge they thought was so important with the realities of my daily existence, History, my major, was an important source of information for me, it's true; but they kept trying to make the events of the past more isolated, less relevent, less instructive as I went through my life and looked for guideposts.

An amazing and highly unfortunate series of events has accompanied the writing of this book column this month, I read two of the most stunning pieces of contemporary history I've found in the past decades and was ready to write the used to. But in the middle of the process, eight men were shot in Greenwich Village. Two of them died. I knew them all, finding books or any form of literature that could help me understand such a torturous event, am left having to have to describe for you two volumes that in fact place this insane act in perspective.

If we treat the Ramrod shootings as isolated events that have no connections to our history, we are doing the men who died and who were wounded a great disservice. The hatred that was directed towards them was no momentary insanity. It was the centuries-long expression of western civilization's deeply ingrained fear and loathing of homo-

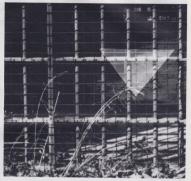
John Boswell's Christianity, Homo-sexuality and Social Intolerance is a mas-Chicago Press. It has received the kind of academic reviews that scholars dream about, Its \$27.00 price tag may put you off, but don't let either the serious reputation or the hefty price deter you. This is a remarkably well-written book that examines one of the most pernicious historical processes in Western Europe the stigmatization and prosecution of gay people in the name of God and

It's easy in these times of est and the Me Generation to think that the intolerance that the society has directed toward us is a new phenomenon. It is comforting to think that the hatred we experience in our day-to-day lives is the expression of a few ignorant, albeit in-

tolerant, red-necks. It's not true,

And the strength of Boswell's book is his ability to trace through medieval days to modern time the ways and means of society's need to turn us into the hated. The volume is sobering. It does inform your daily life. You should read it.

The second book that's so very important is one published by the small Alyson Press of Boston. They have



young Austrian who spent six years in a committed was homosexuality. The proof? A photograph of him with his arm around his lover's shoulder.

One of the theses of Boswell's book is that the society has erased a long and important history of gay people from the record. We do not know who our poets were because when the gay poems were translated into English, the pronouns were altered to fit the heterosexual norm. We do not know who our heroes the identity of their lovers from men to women. The day-to-day homosexuality of the Roman Empire and Republic were upper classes.

All of that is damaging. But probably nothing in recent times is as enraging as the erasure of the experience of tens of labor and death camps

The Man With the Pink Triangle is not a well-written book, the translation is rough at points, but it finally brings to the reader the reality of the horror of our lives in this century. The play, Bent, which has been published by Avon Books, is another document. The drathe same pain and suffering that The Men With the Pink Triangle does, but there is something about the very roughness of this book's style that is shocking. There is a lack of expression that makes

Probably the most moving and maddening section of the book is the man's telling about his final release from Dahe discovers that he will not be compensated by the Allies for any of the time he has spent in the camps. Since he was a homosexual, the Nazis had "legitimately

What we are experiencing today, and what those eight men experienced on the streets and in the bars of New York on November 18, is not the isolated madness tive of any trivia in the way the gay world relates to the straight world. It is all part of a deadly earnest process that will not have your own life be trivialized, if you will not allow the suffering of a growing list of our matyrs to be trivialized, you must inform yourself about the meaning of gayness as it has steps in that direction.

- John Preston



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THE LEGACY OF BRUTALITY

Moments after it begins, Martin Scorsese's Raging Bull ceases to be a film about prizefighters. Based on Jack La Motta's autobiography of the same name, Scorsese uses the vehicle of an inside look at professional boxing to create a film about unbridled violence Raging Bull is violent, although perhaps not in the way you might expect.

Jake La Motta was the son of an immigrant, and was raised in the slums of the Bronx, like thousands of other im-migrants' sons. For him and his peers, and even for their children - even today the slums and physical violence are perto emerge. But even if all the finest boxers in the world came from the Bronx, it could not be excused. What a climate deep-seated paranoia that manifests itself in every facet of existence. Violence creates more than itself; it is father to rage, fear, guilt, self-loathing. A lifetime

steeped in such an environment creates a whole generation of destructive attitude

That's where Jake La Motta came from, and that's how he got the way he erings and abuse to peer pressure to be rougher and tougher, to the professional acts of violence. It's a straight line, seldom redeemable

La Motta is a human being, and therefore a likely victim to all else that befalls human beings. Were he a rock, he could probably withstand a century of having wear. If he were a tree, of a certain variety - like a Birch - he might give and bend and while seemingly beyond hope, still manage to grow. But La Motta is a human being, and human beings were never designed to be used as punching bags.

La Motta isn't any kind of heroic character. He is sexually insecure, emointo a ritualization of machismo that is

nihilistic. His psyche is tempered with a need to make confession and a desire for self-destruction. So it comes as no surprise that he beats his wife, abuses his brother - his best friend - and is suspi-cious of most people and most things most of the time. The coterie that escorts him through his life are even more a paradox, and probably no more so than

Martin Scorsese is one of a handful of contemporary directors that are so completely involved in the process of filmmaking that their work takes on specific characteristics audiences quickly identify and either embrace or reject. After the appeal of films like Mean Streets, Alice Driver - filmgoers knew that Scorsese was a dark, mysterious, serious film and expression became the expected. Then projects like New York, New York and The Last Waltz appealed to a different set of filmgoers, some of whom trooped back to see his more personal films. Between these two vastly different sets of entertainment, Scorsese had al-ready established his creative use of editing in films like Woodstock and Elvis ber of different things to different peo-

ple, It's all there. Just as the audience quickly realizes there is much more here than the story of

a boxer, and just as the 'more' overshadows the premise; so too is the viewer left with an almost uncomfortable feeling that he is watching something other than a film. While it's hard to pin down iust what that something might be; it resembles more an intimate observation than anything else; a space between the camera has brought us to - an internal perspective. Much more subtle than the point-of-view cinema one might expect, where the audience can empathise with a central character and suffer the experience of Raging Bull through that lens in this case the audience is allowed to sample all the motivations, and is never sided with any of the characters, What that makes for Jake La Motta is an audience that can experience his internal anguish without feeling empathy or

remorse. La Motta is an unpleasant man, no one you can enrich your life with by knowing. To know him intimately is to abandon all but the sheerest sub-conscious concern. If anything, without hating Jake La Motta, you wind up not caring what happens to him, convinced that whatever happens is deserved. But like the mythical automobile accident, streets Without making Jake La Motta a villain, Scorsese has managed to make him

over as honestly as a laboratory clone. DRUMMER 83





La Motta made his way to the top, although a crassed of people attempted to prevent. Moreon the property of th

loss his first detending match. He was a wealthy man, and he was a mar geared wealthy man, and he was a mar geared 1950's, Cars, houses, women, injuried to the company of the company of

As circumstantial as his boxing career had been, as predestined as his environment had been — so was his fall from grace. Yet here too lacks the heroic myth. La Motta didn't rise above it all at the eleventh hour and emerge victorious. He pounded his head against the stone walls of a Florida jail as if to question the furies; Why me?

And it wasn't the great cataclysm, his trial for serving a minor. He went on to launch a career as a stand-up comic, and after the film ends its own narrative line, La Motta got work in films themselves, and at some point wrote Raging

Jake La Motta is still alive, which puts the filmmaker and the audience in an interesting, if equally uncomfortable situation. To have made Raging Bull and to see it is to pass judgement on the life of Jake La Motta. And if Raging Bull is his soul's explosion of carthasis – then you have to ask yourself: What kind of man is he now.

Raging Bull offers still more than a superb examination of a man who may not have had a grand design and never became a hero. For Scorsese, it is the tool by which he explores as many imaginative ways as possible to exploit the arts and crafts of telling a story through the film medium. It is as if Scorsese carefully put behind him all the lessons of filmmaking and set out to expand on tightly woven chord of refined and reconsidered style and process. Movement and sound are used to their maximum: angle and perspective underscores and reiterates mood and movement. You cannot escape the manipulation of the medium, because Scorsese is a grand manipulator and can effectively replace the narrative line with the structure and execution of exposed film stock. The use of black and white is, here, at its finest contemporary advantage, From the first ghostly images of La Motta, in a steppeddown speed, moving in the ring like a great penned buffalo to the final fading images of the character's settling into the abyss of medocraticy, Scorsese takes you on a private journey through the psyche of the unsaved,

- John W. Rowberry







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FEDERAL PRISONS ALLOW GAY PUBLICATIONS FOR INMATE

The U.S. Bureau of Prisons, which overese all feedral penal institutions in this country, has agreed to amend its his country, has agreed to amend its his country, has agreed to a feed a feed

It will now be the Bureau's practice to allow wardens to prohibit the circulation of explicitly sexual materials of a homosexual nature if they "pose a threat to the recipient." (It is interesting to note that prison mailrooms are staffed by guards and prison administration memhers - not inmates - therefore, how could receiving gay literature constitute a physical threat to gav inmates?) However, where such materials are of a literary, scholarly or general social value, they can be admitted despite explicit sexual content. Excluded from the category of sexually explicit homosexual materials, and thus allowed entry into federal prisons, are publications of a news or information type - including those which cover the activities of gay rights organizations or gay religious groups. It should be noted that the terms of the agreement do not affect existing policies in state jails and prisons, some of which prohibit access to gay publications. Hopefully, the federal Bureau's new policy will set an example that state institutions may choose to follow The suit and its subsequent settle-

The suit and its subsequent settlement were the results of the efforts of the Lambda Legal Defense Fund, a public interest law firm based in New York City.

GAYCON PRESS NEWSLETTER Gaycon Press Newsletter contains pri-

son news, poetry and severed fortains prison news, poetry and severed for of interest to gay prisoners and free persons interested in the plight of gays in prison. The newsletter is surface to five prison. The newsletter is surface to five non-prisoners. Donations of gays surface to five prisoners—are always needed. Send your pr

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Gay prisoner — 30 yrs, old, 5*11", 169 lbs, blue eyes and long brown hair looking for the right gay me to write to. I am into sports of all types of an am of the right gay and need someon parole in July and need someon guide me in the right direction, when released. John Pearson, Box B-76788, Tamaj CA 94974.

Horace M. Pope, 033822, POB 221, Raiford, FL 32083 would like to hear from other gay brothers. Interested in meeting anyone of any race.

Hot stud at Walla Walla (Washington State Penitentiary) anxious to get it on with other gays. I am 25, gay, and versatile. Dennis Daschofsky, Box 520, Walla Walla, WA 99362. Please include stamps when writing.

Inmate 5'10", 155 lbs., hazel eyes and blonde hair and a great tan wants to write to free people. I am 28 years old nad have been gay since the age of 8. Put down by my family and need someone to reach out to. David Johnson, PMB No. 84970 CBB, Angola, LA 70712.

George Tolbert, No. 142-112, Box 69, London Correctional Institute, London, OH 43140. I am a first-time offender in need of the therapeutic touch of communication with caring people. Will answer all who care enough to write.

Gay prisoner locked up in the Denver County Jail would like to hear from the outside gay world. James Lowe, Denver County Jail, POB 1108, Denver, CO 80201

I'm 34 years old and have been gay for 25 of them. I have 3½ years of college and like horseback riding, swimming and reading. Let's write. Clifford P. Gaines, No. 139443, Rt. 3, Box 3333, Hagerstown, MD 21740.

Lonely prisoner looking for pen pals of any color, sex, religion. I am 25, white bi-sexual, 61"; 170 lbs, blonde hair and blue eyes. My interests are sports, art, motorcycles and trying to get out of prison. Randy Orick, 142376, Box 779, Marquette, MI 49855.

Men in prison are dangerous because they are threatened with sophisticated forms of extinction in the hands of simple initiade wage earners who claim they are only doing their duty or just following orders as five or six of them wrestle you to the floor to stick a needle in your arm or ass.

- Howard Lung-prisoner NEPA NEWS, March 1974

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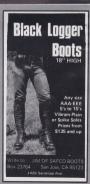


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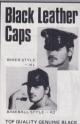
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THE LEATHER NOTEBOOK

Dear Larry,

This ion's so much a question as, a request for some kind of insightful "hought-sharing." I'm a mar in m; mid-i'm hought-sharing. I'm a mar in m; mid-i'm a some sharing a sound now at fully heavy but sensible M— that is, I enjoy a good B&D scene so popular herif is sensible soon as oppolar herif is sensible soon as oppolar herif is sensible soon as the sensible so

thing to offer, I made the scene with myself and found that he is just as incompetent as I was adrule he would be incompetent as I was adrule he would be incompetent as I was adrule he would be incompetent as I was made in the incompetent and incompetent and incompetent was such monsense it almost made one leagh, this one strong point was in however, the work of the property of t

Dear No Nam

Interesting! As "they" say, there, is without no accounting for taste, so without knowing your top! I can only make a couple of educated gueses. There is the possibility that your "top" likes to get his ass whipped once in a while, but doesn't want it to go much further. With the "feet," he is probably able to with the "feet," he is probably able to within the "feet," he is probably able to get himself restrainers in the manages to get himself restrainers and the possibility is simply that his scene is humiliation— and what could be more

humiliating than to be mastered by a jerk? The trick, I assume, would be to convince said rick, I assume, would be to convince said with the reality a hot top, then submit to him the reality a hot top, then submit to him the convention of the reality and the said top, then submit to him to had so I aman who could never command your respect without the bonds you have allowed him to place on you. Once said jerk tumbles to the game, of course, the jig is up.

Dear Larry;
Is it true that there is now a shot you can get to prevent henatitis?

Active in Florida

Dear Active:

There have been newspaper articles recently about a new vaccine that is being tested in San Francisco. At the moment it is still in this resting stage, and unless it is approved for use during words and Dummer's publication of same, the answer to your question is: "No, but hopefully soon." (There are still the old gamma globulin shots, but as my doctor put it, "will help you resist infection, and tend to made it a lighter case if you do get it.")

Dear Larry,
For several years now I have wanted to buy a good pair of motorcycle chaps, but I live in an area where there aren't any good leather shops. I'm a little atraid to order them by mail, because I want them to fit properly. Do you have any suggestions?

Dear Phil

Phil in Oklahoma

don't know much about leather suppliers in you area, but I do know about the problems of getting mallorder with the problems of getting mallorder mallored to the problem of the problem they supplied to the problem they also th

Dear Larry,
You have been telling us how hot the
leather scene is in Europe, particularly
in Munich, Well, I want to particularly
made it to the Oktoberfest and leather
party this year, and when I went into one
of the orgy rooms there was a woman
there! Do you call that have

Dear Traveler,
As they say in Germany (in German,
of course) "other lands, other customs."
It seems to have become quite the
"thing" for a European leather club to
have a female mascot. I've met several
of them (socially, not sexually) and
found them to be very interesting people

make it with gay men, Although I have of admit that the idea of sex with a woman does not turn me on, some gays seem to one in a wille. I can't really say that I disapprove, because it's none of my subjects of some one of the subject of the subjects it someone chee dig it, I would subject it someone chee dig it, I would ments about the "hot leather scene in more clies, that is, It int', and many composition to NY, LA, or SF to enjoy our greener pastures. What I curopean come to NY, LA, or SF to enjoy our greener pastures. What I curopean come to NY, LA, or SF to enjoy our greener pastures. What I curopean come to NY, LA, or SF to enjoy our greener pastures. What I curopean come to NY, LA, or SF to enjoy our greener pastures. What I curopean come is not subject to the curopean clies, particularly in curopean come in the curopean come in several text care become in the curopean come in several text care because it is a come of the curopean come in several text care because it is a come of the curopean come in several curopean clies of the curopean come in several curopean clies of the curopean c

- nice gals, usually into SM, who like to

Dear Larry —
I see that you often write "S&M," while others say "S/M" or "SM." What's the difference, if any?

A loyal fan in D.C.

Dear Loval Fan"S&M" is the older form, and we may
gradually be evolving toward the more
concise "SM." To me, though, there is a
difference. S&M means. "sadism and
masschism." As would imply sadomasochism. I happen to believe that there is
the sadism and the sadism and the sadism. I happen to believe that there is
the sadism and th

Dear Larry—
This is not to move ahead of the Dean

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Dear M —

I think you've said it. Especially after a good shave, it's certainly something to be explored. Incidentally, I have never been known as the Dean, etc. The title given me many years ago by the Los Angeles Free Press was "High Priest of S&M," but even that has been distorted by the vicious tongues of our detractors.

IF YOU HAVE A QUESTION YOU WOULD LIKE LARRY TO ANSWER OR A COMMENT YOU WOULD LIKE TO ADDRESS TO HIM, PLEASE SEND YOUR CORRESPONDENCE TO:

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